

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 22, 1941

WHO'S WHO

CHARLES J. CALLAN, O.P., presents to our readers a cause that must win immediate and enthusiastic approval and support. With more propriety and more authority than any other priest in the United States, can Father Callan argue in behalf of the canonization of Cardinal Newman. Editor of the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, author of ascetical and devotional books, professor of philosophy, theology and Sacred Scripture, his plea demands the attention of all English-speaking peoples. . . . H. C. MCGINNIS has written exposés on Communist intrigues and tactics, revelations about Judge Rutherford's Witnesses, etc. and like matter for these columns. . . . JOHN P. DELANEY, former member of the Staff and at present Director of the Institute of Social Order, imbeds fundamental principles in his dream. . . . PAUL L. BLAKELY, editorial authority on economics and trade unionism, repeats the sound advice he has given so often for the good of the laboring man. . . . JOHN J. MCEVOY is an assistant at St. Lucy's Church, New York. He writes: "I spent five years living with the Monsignor and ten years living with his memory." . . . THE POETS: Sister Mary Ignatius, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Josephine Ingram, Renton, Wash.; Jean Anderson, Seattle, Wash.; Sister Mary St. Virginia, Chicago, Ill.; Arthur MacGillivray, Worcester, Mass.

NEXT WEEK: Edward F. Garesché, S.J., will present a survey of the Religious Brotherhoods, in respect to the number of candidates. This important contribution will parallel the survey of the Religious Sisterhoods published in our issue of April 5, 1941.

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COMMENT

BY a narrow majority, 212 to 194, the House has scrapped the Neutrality Law. Comment upon what has happened is unnecessary. Minus a formal declaration, we are launched squarely and solidly into the war. Comment upon why it has happened is concerned, among advocates and opponents of the repeal bill alike, with the closeness of the margin. The victors are none too secure. Opposition to the bill was untiring, was courageous, fought against sinister influences and overpowering pressure. But it is not proof against our scrutiny, for the battle, though lost in this engagement, is not yet finished. In view of the defeat sustained, we may well ask if, after all, the best possible leadership was given for the opposing forces. Foes of the bill gained certain sectors of sentiment by their isolationist alignments, but they lost, by the same token, the sympathy and effective cooperation of those whose opposition to war entrance and war hysteria is not based upon the particular views brought forth as to Europe and the European situation by the opposition leaders. Much too frequently and much too dominantly was the alternative put forth either to consider Hitler a threat to the United States and thence plunge into war, or to minimize this threat as a ground for staying out of it. Ground was therefore made untenable to those who recognize the Hitler threat but see therein no warrant for the mad folly of sending to Europe and Asia an expeditionary force of American youth.

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OUT of the Pacific comes the latest and most serious, at the moment, threat to the peace of the United States. So much attention has been given to the shoot-on-sight war in the Atlantic, between Americans ships and Nazi submarines, that the gathering of clashing forces between the United States and Japan have been shrouded. Saburo Kurusu, special envoy from Japan, and excellent diplomat, is on his way to Washington, with either peace or war, allegedly, in his satchel. All the precautionary measures before war have been taken by the two Governments. Fundamentally, the conflict is based on economics. The United States is using the blockade pressure on Japan, because of its link with Nazi Germany, because of its aggression, because of its undeclared war against China. Japan claims it is being strangled by the United States, and is endangered by the threat of Great Britain and, in a sense, by the Netherland Possessions. War with Japan is not a new idea; decades ago it was held to be almost inevitable by Army and Navy men, usually on the retired lists. At no time, however, in recent years, has it seemed more imminent. The Administration in Washington is determined to enforce its will in the conferences that will be held with Mr. Kurusu.

May war with Japan, as with all other nations, be averted. But if it comes, the Japanese war will be but a part of the American war against Nazism. Our national determination to destroy Hitlerism has involved us all over the world.

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DEMOCRACY is a term used as a sounding board for secularist ideas. In the name of democracy, methods of government, schemes of education are advocated which belie democracy's very essence. Catholics should not weary in exposing such misinterpretations. Nevertheless, mere denunciations of democracy's counterfeits will result in our losing the very thing that we are attempting to defend. Democracy is not the property of the heathen. Democracy is our own. "We should be poor Catholics," in the words of Bishop Muench of Fargo, "if we were heedless of the dangers that encompass our cherished ideals of democracy, for Catholicism furnishes teachings to democracy that are basic to its conservation." Catholicism teaches the immortal soul of man, the object of Christ's redemption. "If such is the great worth of man," continued Bishop Muench, "a natural and logical basis is given to democracy." If more attention were given to declaring the true nature of democracy, as a precious heritage of Catholic Faith and Catholic tradition; if every secularist interpretation of it were met by the assertion of democracy's genuinely Christian foundations, we would find in the course of time that every mention of democracy would bear with it the connotation: "Catholic."

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MOVES for and against American involvement in the war continued. . . . Speaking in London, Prime Minister Churchill said: "Now a large part of the United States Navy, as Colonel Knox has told us, is constantly in action against the common foe . . . should the United States become involved in war with Japan, a British declaration will follow within the hour." . . . The United States War Department commenced asking members of the armored forces whether they are willing to serve overseas, also began urging National Guardsmen and draftees to enlist in the Regular Army and agree to overseas service. . . . After the Senate voted, 50 to 37, to permit arming of American merchantmen and allow them to enter combat zones and belligerent ports, Secretary Knox elevated Iceland to the status of a major Naval Operations base. . . . In an Armistice Day address, which intimated the nation faced war, President Roosevelt, after asserting it was "to make the world safe for democracy that we took up arms in 1917," declared it was the duty of the United States "to make the world a place

where freedom can live and grow into the ages." . . . Addressing the International Labor Organization of the League of Nations, President Roosevelt characterized the Japanese as "barbarians," asserted the Nazis plan domination of the Western Hemisphere. . . . Intimating that war may come at any moment, Under-Secretary of State Welles called Hitler a "criminal paranoiac." . . . Implying it would be national suicide for her to do so, Finland replied in the negative to Secretary Hull's demand that she cease hostilities against Soviet Russia. . . . President Roosevelt awarded Russia one billion dollars under the Lease-Lend Act. . . . After a last-minute plea from the President, the House, 212 to 194, voted to arm American merchantmen and allow them to enter war zones, war ports.

JAPAN rushed one of her most highly trained diplomats to Washington. . . . In Germany, Hitler declared he had ordered his warships not to fire on American naval vessels except after being attacked. . . . Said Senator Nye: "What a jolly fellow Santa is and what a long way we have come since we passed the lease-lend bill. Then it was to aid democracy. Now here we are giving Brother Joe one billion smackers and no ifs or buts about it." . . . Senator David I. Walsh asked: "Is it possible we are heading toward an alliance with Communism?" . . . A Gallup poll declared those questioned voted 53 per cent against sending trainees outside the Western Hemisphere, 5 per cent being undecided. . . . Senator Tydings remarked that confidential Navy reports on the *Greer*, *Kearny* and *Reuben James* incidents "clearly show that the United States, whether rightly or wrongly, was the aggressor in all three cases." . . . A number of Congressmen who had previously supported the President's foreign policy announced they would vote against permitting American merchantmen to enter combat zones. Remarking that such a move would take the nation into a war which it did not have a chance to win at this time, Representative South, of Texas, asserted England was waiting for our full participation and was spending more money trying to get this country into the war than she was spending to help the Russians. . . . After passage of the neutrality amendment, the America First Committee commented: "Outside of the Southern States, the vote in the Senate was 37 against the President and 31 for him. In the House . . . outside the South, the vote against him was better than 3 to 2."

WHEN the Senate tacked an amendment to the last revenue bill requiring the Bureau of the Budget to submit a list of possible economies in non-defense expenditures, it probably did not realize what headaches it was bringing on itself. Now that the Bureau of the Budget has submitted its report, Congress knows that here is political dynamite of the worst kind, potent enough to blow many of them straight back to private life. In the fiscal year which began last July 1, non-defense expendi-

tures come to \$6,581,000,000. Of this sum, the largest item is \$1,439,000,000, the cost of maintaining the various civil departments and agencies. Only minor savings can be made here, according to the suggestions of the Budget Bureau; and on the \$1,275,000,000 which must be paid out as interest on the national debt, practically no economy is possible. Consequently, any appreciable saving must come from the few other relatively large items on the budget. These are: \$1,155,000,000 for agriculture; \$940,000,000 for work relief; \$620,000,000 for public works; \$290,000,000 for aids to youth.

FOR several reasons, there is not much possibility of paring down the appropriations for youth and public works. As a result, if a saving of from \$1,000,000,000 to \$2,000,000,000 is to be effected, most of the economies will have to come out of the agricultural and work relief items. Unfortunately, in mid-October almost 4,000,000 people still remained unemployed, and if work relief is sharply restricted, some other way, probably equally expensive, must be found to keep these people from starvation. That leaves agriculture where, with rising farm prices, a cut seems most feasible. But agriculture happens to be represented by the most powerful bloc in Congress! Well, that is the picture; and if the silence, shattered only by a lone voice or two, which has prevailed since the Budget Bureau presented its figures and suggestions, is indicative of anything, it is that economy in non-defense expenditures poses really grave problems. No wonder, now that the easy talking has stopped and political and economic realities must be faced, Congress needs a huge dose of aspirin.

JUST a suggestion if you are thinking of starting a committee to combat something. Why not inaugurate a local unit of the Anti-Combating Committee? Those who join it are professional non-combattants. Note the spelling. Combating and combattants are spelt with two t's, the accent on the *bat*, second syllable. The idea is to put an end to *combating* and *combat*; particularly over the radio. From now on let us *come-bat*, not *combat*. Weapon of the Anti-Combatters is the dictionary, which places the accent upon the first syllable, as, for instance, in "deficit." Diligent combat on this front may result in the restoration of the English language along quite a number of fronts. It will spare twinges in the spines of those who still believe in traditions of English pronunciation.

IN COMPLETE union with the proposal made by Father Callan, O.P., on page 173, that the cause for the canonization of Cardinal Newman be activated, the Editor calls upon the readers of AMERICA to express their approval by sending to him letters confirming the proposal. As far as human minds can discern, all the elements of sanctity are to be found in the life of Cardinal Newman.

SOME years ago a famous home missionary remarked that one of the greatest things that could be done for the Catholic Faith in the South would be the canonization of a Catholic priest for martyrdom through lynching. No candidate for this honor has yet appeared, but close to it is the petition made by the Catholics of the Diocese of Mobile to the Holy See for the beatification of the Rev. James Edwin Coyle who was killed during the height of the Ku Klux Klan campaign in Alabama twenty years ago. Father Coyle had officiated on August 10, 1921, at the marriage of a convert. The bride's father, who was a fire-eating preacher, shot the priest as he sat alone on his rectory porch. The defendant was acquitted at the murder trial which followed. Since that time, investigations have been made in the cause of Father Coyle and his name is included in a list of American martyrs presented to the Sacred Congregation of Rites. As Pastor of St. Paul's Church in Birmingham, Alabama, Father Coyle was one of the most outspoken opponents of the Klan which then had gained political control in Birmingham.

BOTH filial and paternal was the enthusiastic and inspiring message sent by the Bishops of the United States to the tercentenary celebration of the founding of the Sulpician Society and the 150th anniversary of their arrival in this country and founding of St. Mary's Seminary. The Bishops concluded their message by congratulating the Sulpicians:

For their devoted work in the education of aspirants to the priesthood,

For their lofty ideals and inspiring example of sacerdotal life,

For their distinguished part in the missionary development of the Church in America,

For their zealous interest in the establishment of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the United States,

For their pioneer cooperation in the Negro Apostolate.

The message was signed by the Bishops of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

ACCORDING to Religious New Service, all parochial schools in the Savannah-Atlanta Diocese have been urged to make Spanish a required subject by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. T. James McNamara, superintendent of Catholic Schools. "If we wish to be good neighbors to South America," he declared, "we must understand its culture, and we cannot understand the culture unless we know the language." Spanish is already a required course in several schools of the Diocese.

IF you buy a scapular make sure that it is made of wool and not of felt. Felt scapulars are invalid and a warning against them has been issued by the Most Rev. Hilary M. Doswald, Prior General of the Order of Carmelites. "In spite of official warnings," says Father Doswald, "the sale of these worse than useless articles is still going on. . . . The results will be that the scapular enrolment of many First Communicants will be null and void."

The reason why only wool is allowed in the manufacture of scapulars is that when the scapular was given by the Blessed Virgin Mary in the course of a vision to Saint Simon Stock, at that time Prior General of the Order, the habit of the Carmelite friars was, according to the times, made of woollen cloth alone. The Carmelites still prescribe the use of wool by their Constitutions.

SOME three years ago a member of AMERICA's editorial Staff found himself immersed in a multitude of newlyweds who were awaiting entrance of our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, into the audience chamber. Looking around for someone who was not a newlywed, but just plain non-honeymoon traveler, he spied a priest whose appearance reminded him quite a bit of a photograph he had once seen of the Rev. Thomas Gavan Duffy, noted India missionary. "You look like Father Gavan Duffy," said the associate editor. "I am Father Gavan Duffy," said the priest, and straightway paid a pleasant tribute to America and to AMERICA, and revealed in this casual conversation the same vigorous self that made his famous mission-travel books carry around the world. He was the son of the Irish patriot, journalist and statesman. Since that Roman summer morning, Father Gavan Duffy has gone to his reward, leaving behind him as a monument his generally adopted plan for the systematic training plan of mission catechists.

CELEBRATION of his eightieth birthday by the Most Rev. Procopius Neuzil, Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery of St. Procopius in Lisle, Ill., reminds Bohemian Catholics of the tremendous progress the Church has made among Bohemians in America since this famous monastery was first established by Abbot Bonifacius Wimmer of St. Vincent's. At that time the Czechs numbered about 160,000 in the United States and there were but fourteen Czech priests to look after them. They were scattered all over the country and the Catholic Faith among them fought a desperate fight with Socialism and powerful anti-Catholic organizations. Today Abbot Neuzil and his abbey are the center of a vast active Catholic Bohemian life. The Abbot, himself a true Benedictine scholar, begins his day's work every morning at four. One of his principal interests is the reunion of the Oriental Christians with the Holy See. He has made the Abbey a center of work for that end.

DOCUMENTS illustrating the pagan character of beliefs which National Socialism would impose upon the people of Germany have become available in the United States and are made public by the N.C.W.C. News Service. One of these is a "Godless Creed" published in the Berlin weekly, *Nordland*, and reproduced October 27 by the *Osservatore Romano*, in which a pagan glorification of the "People" is substituted for the Christian idea of God. Hitler's followers, says the "Creed," greet with a "heathen laugh" accusations of paganism. Another document contains a set of "thirty points" for the reorganization of religion in the Reich.

TO THE EDITOR AND READERS: CANONIZE CARDINAL NEWMAN

CHARLES J. CALLAN, O. P.

EDITOR: I feel sure that I am expressing the thoughts and sentiments of thousands upon thousands of Catholics and non-Catholics, at home and abroad, among the clergy and among the laity, of both English-speaking and foreign countries, when I say that I hope the time is not too far in the future when John Henry Cardinal Newman will be raised to the veneration of our altars and be declared a Doctor of the Church.

If we but examine the life and works of this extraordinary churchman, I think we shall find that he has all the qualifications which will entitle him to this singular place and honor.

As we now look back upon his long life of nearly ninety years, it becomes plain that, from the beginning of his days, Cardinal Newman had been singled out by Divine Providence for a life of unusual achievement and fruitfulness, not so much in a worldly as in a spiritual sense, though the value of his contribution to secular as well as religious letters is beyond calculation.

It seems that, with profound humility and implicit dependence on the one sustaining and guiding Light, he was conscious from his youth of his destiny as a special instrument made by God for a particular, outstanding work in the world. Thus, he never had any inclination to marry, or to become entangled in temporal occupations or mundane affairs; and in his darkest days, or when through illness he was close to death, he seems to have felt interiorly assured of continuance of life and of his final triumph in peace and light.

When reading or studying his life and works, we are constantly impressed above all else with Newman's likeness to the Saints and the Fathers of the Church. These similarities are manifest in every way—in the remarkable purity and holiness of his life, in the elevated quality of his mind and writings, in the power and sweep of his intellect, in the trials and anguish of soul that he endured, in the misunderstandings he occasioned, in the ardent friends that followed him and the bitter enemies that opposed him, in his vivid, unwavering faith in God and things unseen and steadfast devotion to the truth as he saw it, in his total forgetfulness of self and wholehearted abandonment to the will of the Divine Master Whom to serve was the one grand passion of his life, and for Whom to die, if necessary, would be his most coveted prize and crowning glory.

Add to these considerations the mighty influence

for good throughout the world which the great Cardinal exercised during his extended career and the constant increase of that influence since his passing, and we can see that we have here not just another great scholar, or literary master, or unusual preacher, but a massive personality whose distinctive characteristics were: a vivid and constant awareness of the Divine, moral and spiritual elevation, intellectual power and comprehensiveness, entire detachment from the world and its prizes, oblivion of self and disregard for the esteem of men as such, and unabating strength in the pursuit of a goal which was God alone.

That Cardinal Newman has fulfilled the requirements of holiness is, in our opinion, clear in a general way from what has already been said, and it becomes more manifest and more convincing, we think, as we go over in detail any one of the biographies of the man and ponder the many works and treatises that he has left us. The pursuit of holiness and personal sanctity was the preoccupation of his whole life and the explanation of all he did and said. His was a life on fire with love for God and for his fellowman.

Whether any specific miracles may as yet be attributed to the great Cardinal is a matter which depends on investigation and the judgment of the Church. But we think it is safe to say that the Saints of God are not accustomed to intervene in a special manner in our behalf unless we go to them in our prayers and devotions. God is honored in the honor we pay to His Saints. It is He primarily Who has made them what they are, and when we recognize this by appealing to them, He is doubtless more disposed to use them as instruments in our behalf.

What we need, then, is more prayer and devotion to this great servant of God; we must give and promote more religious attention to him. This done, the miracles will follow in accordance with the Divine good pleasure. Cardinal Newman would seem eminently fitted for the lofty honor which we hope for him and which we trust that the Church in its wisdom will yet confer upon him.

Such a gracious move on the part of the Church would be an unspeakable boon and inspiration to Catholics and Christians everywhere in these dark and tragic times, and in the yet more somber and trying years that are sure to follow upon the end of the titanic world-struggle which is now in its mad progress.

THE F. B. I. RECORDS OF CRIME FOR THE FIRST QUARTER OF 1941

H. C. MCGINNIS

THE statement of crime for the first three months of this year, issued by the F.B.I., has come off the press dressed to meet the public. In addition to being valuable to the files of those who like to study the criminal way of life, it is a most interesting document, and knocks many cherished ideas of the causes of crime into a cocked hat.

The opponents of crime are divided into two general groups: first, those who believe in the efficacy of the police and courts; and, secondly, those who believe that when the old man takes junior to the woodshed, he also takes with him a hand which shapes our ends in more ways than one. Strangely enough, the figures seem to prove that the woodshed method is better; the increase in crime appears to be in inverse ratio to the amount of varnish remaining on the family hairbrush. At least, crime increases despite detection and punishment. Also those who insist that, by giving a man plenty of work and prosperity, crime is almost automatically eliminated have to hunt for new alibis when comparing crime during the first quarter of 1941 with the like period in 1940. Although the country is experiencing a boom period, with steel mills often reported working 102 per cent of theoretical capacity, the money jingling in John Q's pockets seems to expose him more and more to a long-time job of manufacturing brooms and auto tags. For, in the first three months of this year, 15.4 per cent more murders were committed than in the first three months of 1940. Why this happened constitutes a nice problem for criminologists.

One might say that an increase in spending money produces more drunkenness and therefore more murders, but the statistics show that negligent homicides, many of which are due to injudiciously mixing alcohol with gasoline, showed a decrease of 14.9 per cent. In fact, a canvass of liquor vendors in one of the nation's largest industrial centers showed that there is considerably more drinking when men are spending relief and unemployment compensation checks than when spending paychecks. Liquor evidently is not the answer to our increasing desire to liquidate our fellow men and neither is the inefficiency of the police. For 1940, the records show that 89 murders out of each 100 were cleared by arrests. Since robbery decreased 6.3 per cent during the first quarter of 1941 as compared to the same period in 1940, and burglary decreased 3.7 per cent—while larceny increased only 1.6 per cent—the alarming increase

in the murder rate may be laid to increasing emotional upsets among the nation's people.

The reports of the 803 murders received by the F.B.I. and committed during the first quarter, show some interesting angles. For example, in 35 cities over 250,000 population, the murder rate was 1.36 per 100,000. In 54 cities from 100,000 to 250,000 the rate jumps to 1.70. It becomes still higher—1.77—in cities of 50,000 to 100,000. Evidently the safest place to live, as far as murder is concerned, is in cities of 10,000 to 50,000 in which the rate varies from .67 to .77.

The best place to escape deliberate erasement by one's fellow men is New England, where the murder rate per 100,000 is only .30. The worst place is the East South Central States where the rate is 3.83. This geographical division contains Alabama, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Tennessee. The Middle Atlantic group—New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—has a rate of .71; California, Washington and Oregon have a combined rate of .78. Although the East South Central States have the highest rate, closely followed by the South Atlantic group made up of Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Maryland, North and South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia, F.B.I. records show that in the East South Central States, 85.7 per cent of the murders were cleared by arrests as compared to only 80 per cent in New England. In the South Atlantic States 92.7 per cent of all murders are cleared, showing that fear of arrest evidently is not a deterrent to crime.

Although only 3.8 per cent of all crime reported during January-March, 1941, were crimes against the person, such as criminal homicide, rapes and other felonious assaults, the increase in rapes was nearly a third as great as the increase in murders, the increase being 5.8 per cent. This figure is apt to be misleading, however, for while the murder figures do not include attempts, the rape figures include assaults and attempts to rape. As in murder, rapists evidently give the law no thought when committing their crimes, for nearly four out of every five rape cases listed during 1940 were cleared by arrests. While cities of 250,000 and over show the lowest murder rate, they also show the highest percentage of rapes, their average being 18.8 per 100,000 of population as compared to 4.8 in cities under 10,000. It looks as though the better developed community social life of the smaller places has a definite influence upon the lives and

behavior of their inhabitants, for the rape percentage consistently increases as the size of the cities listed increases. Nine out of ten rapes are cleared by arrests in the smaller communities, this percentage decreasing to seven out of ten as the size of the communities increases.

Among property crimes, auto thefts show the largest increase—4 per cent. Here again the statistics bring out some unexpected facts. One might expect the populous Middle Atlantic States to show the highest rate of auto thefts per 100,000 population but their rates are the lowest, being 34. The Pacific group—California, Oregon and Washington—shows the highest, 95.4. Perhaps much of the great difference in ratios comes about through a lack of uniformity in reporting. Although the F.B.I. uses great care in trying to have all submitted reports as uniform as possible, police reporting methods differ considerably. Various other factors also enter into these figures. In large cities, where the boys in blue are on every corner, crime is more easily prevented than in communities which are under-policed. Another thing: since car stealing figures are based upon population units of 100,000, the number of cars in a unit naturally has a bearing. Some groups which have quite high percentages in other crimes are often surprisingly low in auto thefts, showing the cars just are not there to be stolen.

According to the records, car stealing seems a comparatively safe pastime. New England clears only 25 per cent of its auto thefts by arrests, while Pacific States nab less than one out of every five car stealers. The western Mountain States have the best record with a percentage of 36.8 per cent. New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania get one out of five.

Larceny—theft of all kinds, excluding auto thefts, embezzlement, forgery, "con" games, and other slick ways of separating a man from his substance—showed a slight increase during the first quarter of 1941. The purloiners raised their percentage by 1.6 per cent. But, as stated before, burglary and robbery decreased somewhat. Larcenies constitute 58.5 per cent of all crimes committed, burglary 22.3 per cent, auto thefts 11.9 per cent.

The reports show that one stands much more chance of being robbed or burglarized if he lives in a city of 250,000 or over than in smaller places, the danger decreasing progressively as the size of the community decreases. When it comes to geographical groups, the Middle Atlantic States have the smallest percentage of these crimes to the population. The Pacific States again lead in being the worst in this respect, showing 398.9 larcenies per 100,000 population and 137 burglaries. In New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania there are 97.3 larcenies and 53.9 burglaries. Again a difference in reporting methods may be a considerable factor in these differences. Some of the Southern and Southwestern States have rather unenviable records in robberies and burglaries, although it cannot be said their police are not on the job, for their clearance by arrests usually hits the national

average fairly closely. The Pacific States have the lowest records of clearance, getting only 18.5 per cent of the larceny artists as compared with 30 per cent—the highest—in the Middle Atlantic States.

Comparisons between crime rates in different localities should not be made, says the F.B.I., without taking many factors into consideration. Among these factors it lists educational, recreational, and religious facilities; economic status and activities of the population; composition of population with reference to race, divisions of sex, etc. The number of police per unit of population, the policies of law enforcement agencies, and the attitude of the public toward law enforcement all have distinct bearings on crime. The police seem to be doing their part in most instances, for the records show that, with the exception of rape and larceny, the offenses cleared by arrest in 1940 were higher than the average for the six preceding years.

In 1940, 89 out of each 100 murders were cleared by arrests; negligent manslaughter, 83.4 per cent; rape, 79.4 per cent; burglary, 33.1 per cent; auto theft, 23.8 per cent; robbery, 41.8 per cent; and aggravated assault (this includes attempts at murder), 73.7 per cent. In other words, 76.4 per cent of the persons charged with crimes against property were found guilty; 53 per cent were found guilty of those charged with crimes against the person, and 78.8 per cent of those charged with other offenses.

The 1940 figures are not, of course, all inclusive, covering only those 1,077 cities which filed returns with the F.B.I. The population covered by these reports is about 62 millions, or roughly one half of the nation's total. However, the reports are fairly indicative of national trends in crime and are extremely useful to agencies interested in law enforcement and crime prevention. The F.B.I. does not vouch for their accuracy, but has conscientiously checked everything that looked like inconsistencies.

Traffic violations add many names to police dockets. Of the 5,349,563 persons arrested last year in 1,212 cities over 2,500 population, 73.1 per cent were traffic law violators. Of the remainder, 55.3 per cent were charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. However, there were 159,115 more serious offenses among this number, ranging from criminal homicide to receiving stolen goods. Of the total arrested, three out of every four were found guilty of the offenses charged against them.

Increased police efficiency does not seem to be the complete answer; perhaps, as many eminent criminal court judges contend, the answer lies more in the homes of America than in the police courts. Prosperity is not the panacea some people would have us believe, if the alarming jump in the murder rate is to be used as a deciding factor. However, the considerable reduction in negligent homicides is a heartening factor, for it leads one to believe that man is finally learning how to live in herds without bumping off his neighbors every time he turns around. Right now it is the people who kill deliberately who have us wrinkling our brows.

THE UNION MAN PAYS HIGH WHEN RACKETEERS ARE OFFICERS

PAUL L. BLAKELY

RACKETEERING in the labor unions is not a new topic for discussion. During more than a quarter of a century this particularly cruel exploitation of the wage-earner has been denounced in this Review, but, unfortunately, I am able to recall the names of only two labor leaders in all this time who agreed that this denunciation was merited. The others were unanimous in their conviction that the policy of this Review was dictated by capitalists who at stated periods flocked to our doors in such numbers as to demand the immediate attention of the traffic police. One exception may be noted in the person of President Green, of the American Federation of Labor. He merely thought that I was too stupid to realize that, since the Federation had no means at its disposal to put down racketeering, all that could be done was to pray for the conversion of the racketeers to a better life.

I think that President Green has recently learned that, while prayer is always good, the Lord expects us to use what proper means are at hand to suppress racketeers. Very probably, the verdict of the Federal Jury in New York, which found guilty of extortion two labor-union heads publicly praised by President Green a little more than a year ago, will lead other complaisant labor chiefs to conclude that the cause of labor solidarity is not helped when ex-convicts and men of notoriously bad character are permitted to pose as "labor leaders." The unspeakable "Willie" Bioff now faces a term in a Federal penitentiary for a Federal crime, but it is hard to understand how this man was permitted for years to hold a position which enabled him to prey upon helpless wage-earners.

It was no secret to many (although it seems to have been to President Green) that by 1935, Bioff, who had never worked a day in the theatre, and had never paid dues to the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, had complete control of that union. In that year, the Chicago moving-picture employees demanded that the owners put extra operators in the booths. The owners countered with an argument which Bioff found irresistible: the sum of \$30,000, paid in hand. Whether the extra operator was needed or not, I cannot say; in any case, the union was made a source of personal revenue to Bioff, who at that time should have been in jail, for pandering.

That was a good beginning for this labor leader, but only a beginning. Shortly thereafter, the Chicago union asked a wage-increase of twenty per

cent. Bioff met the owners, but when the conference was over, there was no increase in wages. Bioff had agreed to accept, in place of the raise, a five-per-cent cut, to be paid himself, on the Chicago theatre payrolls. Encouraged by this success, Bioff went to New York, where the operators were threatening a strike for higher wages. His mediation was so successful that, although the workers did not get their raise, the strike was called off, and Bioff pocketed \$165,000, contributed by the terrified but grateful owners of the motion-picture theatres.

Bioff is not, and has never been, a man who champions the rights of the wage-earner. He now stands convicted of a violation of a Federal anti-racketeering law, but his whole career has been, at best, shady. Rarely has he lost an opportunity to engage in enterprises dubiously within the law, and in the last few years, as the records show, he has sold out the workingman whenever he could find a buyer, and the price was right. How a man of this character could have been tolerated by President Green and his Executive Board, passes all understanding. But Bioff was not merely tolerated. On more than one occasion, he was publicly defended by the President of the A. F. of L., and he and his fellow-criminal, George E. Browne, convicted with him in New York, were permitted by these officials to pose as representatives of "union labor."

No one has ever accused President Green of dishonesty. No one can. He is not that kind of man. But allowing his honesty, it is impossible to defend his intelligence, or his fitness to guide the A. F. of L. "I am certain that your verdict will let a lot of fresh air into union halls throughout the country," said Judge Knox, in accepting the verdict. Probably it will, but it is regrettable that this fresh air was let in by the criminal courts, and not by the officials of the A. F. of L.

But it is difficult to agree with District Attorney Correa who said in his final address to the jury: "By your verdict you will serve notice on the racketeers and hoodlums, and all similar gentry, that they must get out, and keep out, of American industry and labor, and that any attempt to get back will be met with swift and certain punishment." The notice has been served again and again in the last twenty years by similar verdicts, but it has not been heeded. The effect up to this time has been to make the racketeers less careless, and more predatory.

How then, can this evil which has taken root in many labor unions be destroyed?

The ideal method would be for labor to clean its own house. At times, however, an evil can gain so strong a hold upon a private society that the aid of the law is necessary. But law is at best an imperfect means of reform, and should not be invoked, except as a last resort. It will be interesting, however, to notice some of the legal proposals which have been suggested. None, as far as I know, has been adopted by the unions, or enacted into law.

Some years ago, I urged that ex-convicts and men of known bad character be held ineligible for any office in a union. That suggestion was not based on a belief that an ex-convict can never return to an honest life, but on the fact that too many ex-convicts elected to office had proven themselves unworthy, and on my fear that the reputation of a union is harmed by such elections. In the next place, I proposed that labor unions have their accounts audited at regular intervals, and that the reports be made known to the public. Next, it seemed to me that the initiation fees, dues and assessments were far too high in many unions, and should be reduced. Again, I recommended that a secret ballot be used for elections, and for the decision of all important questions, particularly of strikes.

Finally, to give these needed reforms some permanence by providing penalties for offenders, I recommended a change in the constitution of the A. F. of L. In the eyes of the public, this body was, at that time, the head of all labor organizations in the country, and hence was frequently blamed for disorders in its affiliated unions. As a matter of fact, however, its constitution gave it no direct control over its affiliates, and the A. F. of L. scrupulously refrained from exercising whatever moral influence it may have possessed, no matter how grave the offenses against both the wage-earners and the public might be. President Green, in particular, opposed any alteration in the A. F. of L. constitution, on the ground that central control would unduly hamper the activities of the affiliates, and his opinion prevailed. This amendment has been urged from time to time, but until recently has never been seriously considered by the A. F. of L.

Some of these points were incorporated in a bill introduced last week by Senator Bridges, of New Hampshire. This bill requires unions to register with the National Labor Relations Board, filing at the same time, a list of officials and a financial report. No doubt, one purpose of this requirement is to give Congress some insight into the unions, so that a control of elections and finances can be imposed, should this be deemed necessary. The chief purpose of the bill, however, is to prevent strikes in industries engaged in the Government's national defense projects. No union will be permitted to call a strike, unless a majority of the members agree by secret vote that a strike is necessary. Should a strike be ordered without this vote, the union will lose its collective bargaining rights.

Thus stated, the bill is wholly unsatisfactory. Probably it was introduced as a gesture of warning, and with no real purpose of demanding its enactment. If the Government, or the States, intends to intervene in union management, the scope of the bill should be enlarged to defend the rights of the members, to strengthen the unions themselves, and to protect the interests of the public. Senator Bridges' bill is simply one of those piecemeal measures which can cure no real evil.

Another legal measure, strongly urged by many, is a rewriting of the Wagner Act. Surely, we can now view this measure in an impartial spirit, affirming its merits, but also recognizing that experience has disclosed some serious flaws. The Wagner Act marks a great social advance in the protection which it affords such important rights as the right of the workers to organize freely and to bargain collectively. Its chief defect, as it has evolved under the rulings of official boards, is that it has tended to support the theory that labor has rights but no duties, and that while wage-earners are always right, wage-payers are always wrong. Under the Wagner Act, only an employer can be guilty of unfair labor practices, but a union which violates its contracts goes unscathed. The former chairman of the National Labor Relations Board testified before a Senate Committee in April, 1939, that an employer who warned his workers against joining a union, headed by a rank Communist, was guilty of coercion, and that the truth of his warning could not excuse him.

Thus, had a moving-picture magnate said in public that Bioff was a crook who was using the union for the purpose of extortion, he would have fallen afoul of the Wagner Act. The warning would have been construed as tending to discourage membership in a union, even though that union was being employed not to protect the worker, but to sell him out, should the occasion offer, and the price be high enough. Browne could threaten a nation-wide strike of moving-picture operatives, and then call it off, on payment by a head of the industry. For there is nothing in the Wagner Act to discourage the extortion and oppression exercised by men of the Browne-Bioff type.

As the *New York Times* remarked in its comment on the Browne-Bioff conviction: "We can frame laws to curb the unscrupulous labor leader, as we already have laws to curb the unscrupulous industrialist." Perhaps it may soon become necessary to enact legislation of this kind, but it will not be easy to frame legislation which differs much from the policy of burning down the barn to rid it of rats. Organized labor can effect its own reform and if it is wise, it will undertake that work at once and vigorously. Perhaps the first step ought to be the elimination of President Green, who has shown himself completely incapable of dealing with racketeering, and of John L. Lewis, who never seems to know that peace no less than war has her victories. But the reform must come, and speedily, if Federal control of organized labor, which means exploitation of the labor unions by self-seeking politicians at Washington, is to be averted.

IF NEIGHBORS WERE FRIENDS, 'TWOULD BE A BETTER WORLD

JOHN P. DELANEY

ALL the ideas in this article are crazy. I have just been dreaming crazy dreams. In the cold light of dawn, I know how crazy they are. But even in the dawn they haunt me with a sort of happy insanity. If only they could be true!

The first part is quite sane. It does not get really crazy until the third quarter.

I have been wandering around a parish I know fairly well, or thought I knew fairly well. It is a city parish, call it my parish. There are big apartments in the parish, homes of the middle class, homes of the near wealthy, homes of the wealthy. There are tenements in the parish glorified into quasi-apartments until flats that once rented at seventeen dollars a month are now apartments at seventy dollars a month. And there still are tenements, flats unglorified where you may live (?) for twenty-five dollars a month, and heat your own hot water and furnish your own fire in the winter, and maybe (I am not too sure of this; it used to be so some years ago when I lived in them.) share your toilet with your neighbor in the darkest corner of the hallway.

As I say, I have been wandering around the parish, affectionately, with a certain amount of curiosity and nostalgia, and a wish that I could stop to pass the time of day with everybody in every street (as I used to years ago in this same city parish), but people somehow do not stop for me. They do not look up as they pass. They do not seem eager to talk to me or to know me, even though so many of the faces are as familiar to me as the faces of my own family—from seeing them at Mass Sunday after Sunday.

We are fellow parishioners and yet we are strangers. We are fellow Holy Name Men, and fellow Sodalists, and fellow Tertiaries, and yet we are strangers. I do not know them and they do not know me and when we meet at our meetings and in our church, we do not talk about the things that make us neighbors, the rents we pay and the foods we buy, and the stores we buy them in; the hours we work and the pay we get; the reason why that little grocery store that was a landmark just folded up; the reason why so many old families have gone out to Brooklyn, and to Long Island and the little towns in New Jersey, and the places north of the Bronx; the reason why new families move in and we live together and we pray together and sometimes work together, and yet we are not neighbors.

We do not know that Mrs. O'Connor is sick, and that the Browns just didn't have food enough last week, and that Pete has taken to the bottle again, and that the Sweeneys have another baby and that the Reilly girl is really doing well in college, and the Polski girl is the Mother Superior at long last, and how Father So-and-So has said that Father This-and-That of our own parish was actually considered for a Bishopric. He did not get it but we should all feel good about it and we might even drink a toast to how close he came to it.

We used to talk about those things, and we used to know those things, and it made us happy to know them. It brought us together and it made us a parish. And families did not hide away in hunger or in cold, and they were not ashamed to be helped by their neighbors—for we were neighbors. We did not have to investigate us because we knew us. And one day I might sit in the parish council in a suit of clothes that Bill Smith gave me, and I was as much of a man as Bill Smith and had as much of a say. And next year, who knows, I might be up a bit and Bill might be needing a pair of socks and it was all right for we were neighbors.

And we knew all the young people marrying right in the parish and we watched their families grow. And we knew what young girls became good cooks, because cakes and pies had a way of making a tour of the parish and they showed up at parish festivals (in a city parish, too)—and sooner or later all the young wives became good cooks because they just had to.

The houses are still here and the people are still here (not the same people—we are all sort of vagrants) and the neighborhood stores (a few of them). There are doctors in the parish, and lawyers, and dentists and nurses. But I do not know if they practise in the parish, or if they have offices downtown. There are some men practising in the parish, but I do not know if they practise on the parish or if all those people going in and out of their offices are strangers. There are men with money in the parish and generous men who give a whopping sum to charity, but I would not know how to say to them: "Let's go down to see our neighbor in the block. The man is out of work and his smallest one is sick and we could take them a little something." Yes, I know the Vincent de Paul knows such things and knows what to do about it and we give our money to the Vincent

de Paul and the Vincent de Paul does the rest and we let them do it. But I do not know about it and I do not do it and neither do most of the people in the parish—and that means we are not a parish any more.

There are men in the parish who maybe know how jobs are to be got, but they do not know the men in the parish who need the jobs; and the men in the parish who need jobs cannot walk up to a big employer or a big industrialist and say: "Bill, I'm out of work now. Do you know of anything going anywhere?" Because it is not Bill and Pete, and Joe and Sarah and Ann in our parish any more. Now, those of us who are poor do not know those of us who are rich, but we do say now and then: "Oh yes, *Mister* Manager is in our parish"—but he is *Mister*, don't you see? He may be Bill So-and-So in the papers—but he is *Mister* to me and to the parish, and he is not a neighbor though he should be and used to be.

Maybe it is sheer loneliness on my part, a nostalgic longing for the "dear, dead days beyond recall." But, why should they be beyond recall? I get so tired of traveling an hour in the subway to visit friends. Why can't I make friends of those who live in the neighborhood? Why can't we have some of the pleasant "running in and out" we used to have all over the neighborhood? Maybe that just means, why isn't a neighborhood a neighborhood any more, and what can we do to make it a neighborhood again? Maybe we would have to begin by making every family a family again. And maybe to make every family a family again, we would have to begin by making every man a man again.

But one crazy dream is enough for one article, so let's stick to the neighborhood idea.

Do you know what I saw myself doing in my dream, my crazy dream? I thought that I got together some of the best people in the parish. There was a doctor and a lawyer, and a teacher and the owner of a neighborhood grocery store and a union plumber and a non-union carpenter, and a big industrialist, and one man who was unemployed. Some of them brought their wives along. Some young couples joined the group. We got together to discuss our neighborhood, so, naturally, we wanted all the people who make up the neighborhood represented. And I got up, or I just stayed seated (I forget which) and I made a speech, magnetic, compelling, close-reasoned, cogent, in short, magnificent. It doesn't look so good as I put it down on paper. But then I'm a much better speaker in my dreams, even day-dreams. Anyhow, here is what I said, or dreamed I said.

Gentlemen: We have all the makings of a wonderful neighborhood, but we just have no neighborhood. (I was going to use the word, parish, but I was afraid that I would seem to be criticizing the Pastor, and I really was not. I was criticizing me, I was criticizing us.) We have grand people and we do not know one another. We have a wonderful mixing of talents and we do not make use of them. We have a fine variety of neighborhood stores and we do not patronize them. (You notice the nice rhetorical balance of my sentences, but

you should have seen my gestures!) We go off downtown to the big department stores, and we do a lot of our ordering by telephone and all the money goes out of the neighborhood.

Many of our boys go away to be doctors and lawyers but they do not come back to the neighborhood, because if they did, the neighborhood would not go to them. Somehow today you really do not go to a doctor or a lawyer unless you take a subway ride. You do not really go shopping unless you hop a train or a bus. Why even our little newspaper stands have a tough time making a living because we grab our papers from the subway stands.

Just like the family, the neighborhood has become merely a place to exist in. It is no longer our neighborhood, no longer our community, no longer the little world we live in.

I know there are all sorts of reasons for all these things, but why couldn't we get together at least to thrash them out? Why couldn't we agree on a few general things and slowly work out all the problems?

It would be a grand thing to rebuild our neighborhood, and our neighborhood spirit. Don't we all agree on that? (Hear! Hear!)

We should have a spirit of pride in and loyalty to our neighborhood, a spirit of self-sufficiency, a desire to make our neighborhood the grandest neighborhood in the country. Don't you all agree to that? (Cries of Yes, Yes!)

We should be loyal to our small stores, loyal to our little newsstands, to our neighborhood workmen, loyal to our neighborhood lawyers. (I waited for cheers here, but instead the discussion started.) No, no discussion yet. We'll have all year and maybe years for discussion. Maybe prices are a little bit higher in small stores, but why? That is something we can talk about later on. Maybe taxes and rents are too high. Maybe there is not enough patronage. Maybe this, maybe that—and that is just why we have to get together all of us to figure the whole thing out.

And that was the end of my speech. From then on they simply insisted on starting discussions. They cut my grand speech short just as I was warming up and it was only when I got away from my prepared speech that I was guilty of some of the craziest ideas. They talked about high prices and somebody said something about sheer robbery in neighborhood groceries, and then the neighborhood grocer went to town, and when that died down I left them speechless with this insane idea. If our neighborhood were really a neighborhood, then we could do business with other neighborhoods. There is a little parish I know away out in Long Island and the small farmers out there would love to have a direct market. All they want is a fair profit, and if two neighborhoods, one city and one country-near-city could actually get together—well, we could do things and do them cheaper and everybody would be happy. Crazy? Even wide-awake I ask, why should it be crazy?

Our meeting got pretty much out of hand after that, and we were all sheepishly amazed at the

number of topics touching our everyday life that came up and had to be tabled because we did not know anything about them. We spoke about rents for a while, and somebody said that one reason for high rents was that most of the property was heavily overtaxed, but nobody knew what to do about it. We looked so ridiculously stupid that one of the men broke his Holy Name oath in a mad promise to find out something about taxes.

Somebody mentioned flats in the neighborhood and everybody agreed that something ought to be done about them, but what? Again we were out of our depth and it got us sore. We all thought we were fairly intelligent men and we all knew the answer to Nazism, we knew all about Russia, and we knew all about the evils of Fascism, and yet, international scholars that we were, we just could not figure out the first step we should take in making our neighborhood a decent place to live in. There are Federal Housing Projects, and Slum Clearance Projects, but is there anywhere a project to prevent areas from becoming slums?

That is funny when you come to think about it, isn't it—and sad. We come to love a neighborhood and the people in it, and bit by bit we see the whole thing breaking up, and old friends are going out and we scarcely meet them again in this big city of ours. All the grand parishes that used to be, and the big fine churches and the Christ in them so lonely with the long rows of empty pews before HIM! And the big parochial schools where our children grew into little men and little women! And the process goes on and on before our very eyes, and we shake our heads and we say how sad it is, and we do nothing, nothing at all about it.

Take some of the worst flats in our neighborhood. They are solidly built. They could, by fireproofing and renovating be made even better than respectable, but then the rents would go up and some of our best people, our poor, would have to get out. Could we, as a neighborhood planning committee, do something about this? Will you believe it, none of us even knew who owned the flats in the neighborhood. And, get this. One man paying rent for ten years did not know whether the man to whom he paid rent was the landlord or just an agent. And incidentally somebody asked why there had to be an agent collecting the rent. Didn't that raise the rent?

And it suddenly occurred to us that while we did a lot of talking about democracy, we had not even the slightest say about the most elementary things in our own neighborhood. This, for instance: what to do about keeping more twenty-story one-and-a-half-room suite apartments from going up in our neighborhood. Or this: there are a few blocks of out-and-out eye-sores in the neighborhood. Nobody lives in them. Nobody has lived in them for years. The windows are all broken. The places look like a lot of haunted houses. Some big insurance company is angling for the property to put up more big apartment houses for wealthy people and their pekinese. How could we go about having that territory turned into a beautiful neighborhood playground with grass for the children

to roll on and trees for our wives to gossip under?

It was the grocer who came out with a grouch about supermarkets. There are none in our neighborhood yet, but they will be moving in soon. Then what? We shall get things cheap for a while, until the supermarket has killed all our neighbors in the neighborhood stores, and more of the neighborliness goes out of the neighborhood. What to do about it? And here for a change, one man had something practical to say. He did know of one neighborhood where a supermarket was all set to move in. The little merchants were worried. They saw their business gone, but fortunately their neighborhood was well-knit and at a meeting they all agreed that no supermarket would get in, no matter how low the prices! How did they keep them out? Throw a guard around the place? Meet the invading market with clubs and tear gas? No! One man went to an official of this important chain of supermarkets and told him it would merely be wasting his money setting up a store, the people just would not buy from him. That was a good laugh. The supermarket opened up. It paid rent. It cut prices. It advertised. It offered tickets to football games and sets of dishes, but even the least neighborly of the people in the neighborhood knew that they would be branded forever if they purchased a thing. In two weeks the market made about ten cents, and then decamped.

That got us thinking and somebody mentioned cooperative stores, stores, he said, "owned by the neighborhood for the neighborhood." That was too big an idea for us to swallow in one clip, but he is going to study up on that and tell us more about it.

We went on and on and on. It was a grand night even though it made me miss Communion the next morning. Nobody realized it was well after midnight when coffee and sandwiches were served. I found out one thing that night, that a lot of other people in the neighborhood have the same hankering for a real neighborhood that I have. And I found out another thing—that we know practically nothing about just those things that are most important in our lives, our own neighborhood problems, taxes and housing and health and food and clothing and prices and medical care and dental care and care of the poor and wages and rents. We found out that we did not even know the teachers to whom we entrusted our children in the public schools.

Even though our discussion ran helter skelter and hither and yon, we were all using first names at the end of it, and we all had the conviction that if we really set to work we could build up a grand neighborhood community. We almost decided on a little neighborhood newsheet before we finished—and, well, I know it all sounds crazy, but wanna bet?—the next time we get together, we'll have a plan drawn, big enough to give us pride and enthusiasm, detailed enough to give scope to everybody's energies and talents, and small enough to be immediately practical.

What? I forgot. Yes, it was only a dream, a crazy dream—but oh, what a dream!

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

JOHN McEVOY

IN THE BRONX, a county of New York, there sprawls a section whose people are of Italian birth or origin. Variegated as is the human race, it contains within its nebulous boundaries the butcher, the baker and the one who makes candles to be burned in honor of the good Madonna. From it have come engineers who have helped to span our rivers with their bridges, lawyers who have pleaded for justice in our courts, surgeons whose fingers deftly wield the scalpel in the tense silence of our operating-rooms. They have arrived in the United States from every part of the country of smiles and of music: from Piedmont and Bari, from Rome and Sicily, from Naples and Calabria. One thing these Americans of Italian origin have in common. They have a fierce and unyielding loyalty to a man, now ten years dead. That man is a priest.

Monsignor Joseph Caffuzzi arrived in New York in 1906, after having been a year on the staff of St. Peter's in Rome. He was the antithesis of the "career" priest at whom Dr. Cronin arches an ironical eyebrow. This, despite the fact that, at the time of his death at the age of forty-nine, he had been made a Papal Chamberlain, a Cavalier of the Crown of Italy, was one of the twelve consultors of the late Cardinal Hayes, was a member of the Diocesan School Board, a member of the Bronx Chamber of Commerce, a member of the Board of Governors of the League for American Citizenship and holder of other offices. His offices he took seriously; but his honors, humorously.

Father Caffuzzi came to these shores on the crest of the great wave of Italian immigration. That was at the time when those already in the famed melting-pot were loath to receive new ingredients, when the "nicer" people would cross the street to avoid meeting one of the swarthy-skinned newcomers. Our Church was not prepared for them; the more delicately bred members of other national origins resented their intrusion.

The men arrived here first. Their wives and their children waited for the word and the money to join them. Hundreds, then thousands, settled in the region known as Fordham, under the shadow of the university. Many lived in shacks and huts constructed of gathered debris.

Into this colony, Father Caffuzzi would come each day on a bicycle from the Church of St. Philip Neri. He ate his mid-day meal at the home of a street-cleaner who would preside at the table with his white helmet perched proudly upon his head. He wore a frock coat, not because a frock coat was stylish, but because a frock coat so decorously concealed the patches in his trousers.

In the evening, the men would flock to see Father

Caffuzzi. Unable to read or write, they would tell the sympathetic priest what news they wanted conveyed to their wives at home, what love they felt for their *bambini* across the seas. Faithfully would Father Caffuzzi write the letters and when the answer duly came, written by the parish priest, he would read the answer to the beaming recipient. Thus, before the members became reunited here, he had penetrated into the heart of the family and into its affections. What more natural than, when they had at length passed through Ellis Island, the first one they had to meet was Father Caffuzzi.

From that time on, Father Caffuzzi became a member of each family, sharing its sufferings and penetrating its secrets. No matter what the problem might be, he had to be consulted. Was money to be invested in the business of a *paesan'*, was a marriage to be arranged, or was a baby in the offing, was there trouble in the family or at school, the counselor or referee was Father Caffuzzi.

Father Caffuzzi had the charming predisposition to admire and the fault, if fault it is, never to see evil in anyone. This virtue of admiration went beyond his people to the country and the institutions which had become his own. For twenty-five years, he was the patient interpreter of the American way of life to the people of Mount Carmel parish. He bred in them staunch loyalty to our democratic processes and schooled them to take advantage of their educational and social opportunities.

He did those things which seem so commonplace in the telling, but which drain the heartblood of a zealous pastor. He built a church, a magnificent one. He erected a school. His societies were among the largest in the diocese. The number of children under week-day catechetical instruction was estimated to be the largest in the country.

His St. Vincent de Paul Society—well, it is to be feared that he was quite a trial to its good and apostolic membership. Time after time they had to tell him that indigent families were moving into his parish because of his generosity to the poor. He would meet their protests with a worried look and an exclamation of surprise. Then, as if something they were saying reminded him, his face would brighten and his eyes would sparkle and he would commence some long drawn-out and convulsively humorous story which would send them away chortling among themselves. Only when they had gotten down the street would they remember they had not been as firm as they intended.

Father Caffuzzi had a weird fancy that he could spend money limitlessly upon his poor and upon the religious education of his children, and still have money to pay his interest and his bills. Somehow, he always did.

On the morning of October 2, 1931, the Requiem Mass for Monsignor Caffuzzi was celebrated. Perspiring policemen for blocks held back a throng numbering over ten thousand, each one of whom thought he had some personal reason for being present at the Mass. Monsignor Caffuzzi lay in state. Under his vestments his body was clothed in a purple cassock; on his feet were shoes with holes in them.

BRIBES IN HOLLYWOOD

WHAT has happened to that Senate Committee (or was it a sub-Committee?) which began, a few months ago, to investigate the matter of "propaganda" in the motion-pictures? All that we now recall of it is that a whole host of grave and learned seigniors who viewed with equanimity, and even with approval, the suppression of free speech in Russia, rose up in indignation to denounce the Committee as the persecutor of free speech in the United States, and that Wendell Willkie accepted a rich fee to defend the harassed businessmen from Hollywood. Perhaps the Committee may have submitted a report, but if it did, that fact has escaped our notice.

Possibly, too, the Committee concluded, after the trial of the labor racketeers, Bioff and Browne, in New York, that a report was superfluous. For that judicial investigation did more than reveal to the public the shameful exploitation of organized labor by these criminals; it also revealed the exceedingly debased standards of morality which are held in honor by the leaders of the motion-picture industry. A man who accepts a bribe is a scoundrel; but it is impossible to view with admiration the man who not only gives a bribe, but approves the principle that bribery is good business. Technically, Browne and Bioff were the only men in the dock. In point of fact, the leaders in the motion-picture business were with them.

As Martin Conboy, who ably defended the legal rights of the convicted men, declared, it is not pleasant to think that the motion-picture business was in the hands of men who habitually gave bribes. These men not only provide amusement to millions of Americans, but also have it in their power to influence public opinion. Whatever our views on intervention or non-intervention, there can be no doubt that for months the motion-picture has been used to whip public opinion into a war-frenzy. The arguments for a "shooting war" have been repeated day after day, in their most emotional aspects. Public men who are convinced that the interests of this country and of the world will be best protected by a neutral United States, have been depicted as enemies of their country. If the motion-picture is to be used as a means of propaganda, then elementary fairness demands that all sides of a public question in dispute be given a full hearing. That hearing is rarely given by the motion-picture moguls.

Since the regrettable resignation of Joseph I. Breen, the Hays office, which was created to keep the motion-picture within the bounds of common decency, seems to have ceased functioning. In view of the debased conditions in one field of morality which the Browne-Bioff conviction has disclosed, we may now look for pictures even more offensive than those which were produced before Mr. Breen began his work. Fortunately, we still have the Legion of Decency, and we may confidently rely upon this body once more to apply the methods which brought the producers to their knees a few years ago.

EDITORIAL

LABOR'S DUTIES

FOR a man to get and to hold a job, is it necessary for him to join a union? There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States which answers this question in the affirmative. Yet, under the operation of Federal and State laws, enacted with the laudable purpose of protecting the right of the worker to join a union of his own choosing, the impression has grown that the man who refuses to join a union is not only an enemy of labor, but, on the whole, an undesirable citizen.

The right of workers to form unions for the protection of their rights, is, of course, a natural right. But no worker enjoys the right to force another worker to join a union; still less, has he the right to compel an employer to deprive a worker who declines to join a union, of his job. No legislation gives him that right, not even the Wagner Act, and he can find no justification for coercion in either the natural or the Divine laws. On the contrary, if he assumes that alleged right, he may be guilty of grave infractions of both these laws.

Within the last few months, the serious disorders in practically every industry which has accepted the Government's defense-policy contracts, have thrown these simple truths into a clear light. Now, as much as ever in the history of American labor, the wage-earner needs the aid which he can get, morally speaking, only from the union. Perhaps he needs it even more than he did in the piping days of peace. But the labor leader who puts the rights of the worker, and the rights of the union, above the rights of the public, and, still more, who in defending the undoubted and admitted rights of the wage-earner, infringes upon the rights of others, is doing the union no good service. He is, in fact, weakening it by making it a group with which no upright worker can affiliate, and which the public must reject.

Perhaps these truths will one day creep into the consciousness of men such as John L. Lewis and his associates. Mr. Lewis did organized labor a great service when he went into the steel and the automobile industries, and proved that the workers could be organized. We hope that he will not destroy that service now by a reactionary attitude of refusing to abide by the arbitration of disputed issues.

INFLATION

THE letter which the President addressed to Chairman Doughton, of the House Ways and Means Committee, urges the view that inflation can be best averted by imposing higher taxes. For a number of years, the Government has been exceeding its receipts, and a continuance of this policy must logically end in inflation. As a practical example of inflation, in 1924 the German who stopped at a corner stand to purchase a sandwich and a cup of coffee paid one billion marks, or about \$200,000,000, rating the money at its pre-war value, for his modest refection. On that same evening, the same meal might cost him a quarter of a billion dollars. Unchecked inflation obviously means the misery of national and private destitution.

While authorities assert that inflation cannot be checked after it has risen to a certain level, it is yet possible for a country with our great natural resources to impose a check which will prevent the inflation already begun from reaching that level. The President thinks that higher taxes "directed mainly at that part of the national income which is being devoted to the purchase of civilian goods . . . and of a character that will not increase the price of these goods," will give us a needed check, and he may be right.

Any man who says that his plan will prevent inflation is to be looked on with suspicion. We do not, of course, include the President, whose position demands respectful consideration for his opinions; what we have in mind is the choir of prophets whose dissident views on inflation now assail our ears. The subject is most complex, and calls for the most searching examination. It is regrettable, however, that a sweeping reduction of expenditures for activities, not connected with the national defense, has found no favor at Washington. At the same time, the relation of wages to the cost of production has received scant consideration by the Government. Surely, this is no time to cater to blocs, labor, industrial, or farm.

Whatever the solution of this vexing problem, we had better prepare for a winter, or several of them, at Valley Forge. Having spent with small thought for the future, cold and hunger now seem inevitable.

THE CANNED SERMON

AS a writer of sermons, the Mayor of New York appears in a role that is merely amusing. But since the Mayor is also a Federal official, the incident is not without general interest. For a number of years, the Government has been instructing us in pamphlets and radio-addresses on the architecture of houses for chickens, on the best way of attacking whooping-cough, on hygienic conditions for swine, and on thousands of other topics. It has also turned its attention to teachers and teaching, but this is the first time, as far as we are aware, that it has offered suggestions on the construction of sermons.

It is easy to make too much of this incident. Still, straws show which way the wind is blowing. For several decades, this Review has opposed Federal intervention in the local schools, in the belief, first, that the people of any given locality are better able to conduct their schools than a group of interested ideologists at Washington; and next, that so potent a social agency as education, should not be subjected to the control of an already over-centralized Federal Government. Unfortunately, the untiring efforts of those who disagree with this position have at last succeeded in breaking down local independence and initiative, and, at the same time, in tapping the Federal treasury. What the proponents of the old Smith-Towner bill of October, 1918, were not able to obtain directly, has been secured indirectly. Federal control of the local schools is not yet an undisputed fact, but local greed for Federal funds, and the indifference of the public, will soon make it an admitted actuality.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that the sermon which the Mayor of New York submitted, in his capacity as a Federal official, is not one which could be preached from any Catholic pulpit. There are too many half-truths in it, and too many assumptions and inferences at variance with Catholic teaching. Every day of the year, in the Canon of the Mass, the Catholic Church prays for peace, the peace which Christ alone can give. That peace is not founded upon national political considerations, but upon the acceptance by all peoples and by all governments among men of the Gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ. If the world is today at war, the fundamental reason is that greed for wealth and power has struck deep into the life of men, and into the schemes of governments.

Governments have conducted their affairs on the utterly un-Christian principle that for the protection of what they proclaim the national interest, or the national defense, they need take no heed of the basic principles of charity and justice, but were free to set them aside as considerations of no moment. Our modern world presents a vivid picture of what the condition of men must be when they suffer their Governments to disregard God and His law. What the world needs today, and what we Americans need most sorely, is not protestations of devotion to "democracy," whatever that vilely misused term may mean, but the protestation of

a return to Christian principles and to Christian action. No flag will save us, unless it be the banner that bears the image of Him Who for our transgressions was hanged upon the Cross. Patriotism is a virtue, but there is a sham, as well as a true, patriotism. That patriotism which declines to put justice and charity first is a denial of patriotism, since it rejects the virtue from which true patriotism springs. What Leo XIII wrote, in his discussion of the place in the world of the worker, can be applied to the international disturbances which now fill the world with woe: "And if society is to be healed now, in no other way can it be healed save by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions." What form of government prevails in this or that country, is of minor moment. What alone makes for peace is the loyalty of Government and of citizens to the principles of Jesus Christ.

DINING WITH STALIN

IT is a commonplace of the prevailing propaganda that no one can do business with Hitler. The meaning of the statement is, of course, that Hitler is a degraded person who will enter into solemn compacts, and thereafter violate them at will. That is quite true, but it is also true that Hitler is not the only figure in public life with whom it is impossible to do business. There are others, but the chief of the lot is Stalin.

There is a world of difference between aid to the Russian people, and aid to the thieves and murderers who make up the Communist party now in control in Russia. The best aid we could give the Russian people would be to rid them of these tyrants. But that aid, we greatly fear, will not be given by us; at least, nothing of that nature is visible at the moment. The simple fact remains that the man with whom we are now doing business is a man who has set all law, human and Divine, at naught ever since he rose to power, with the help of a party which has sworn to spread godlessness and every form of political disorder to every country in which it can manage to gain a foothold.

It is, therefore, imperative that we provide ourselves with a long spoon when we sit down to dine with Stalin. But there is no mention of the long spoon in the interview given by Mr. W. Averill Harriman, in which he describes Stalin as a genial gentleman, with a fine sense of humor; in short, a Santa Claus in political office; or in the magazine article by Mr. Harry Hopkins who seems to think that Stalin is an outstanding champion of human liberty.

We hope that precautions will be taken against the employment of American aid for Communistic propaganda in Europe and in the United States. Above all, no aid should be given, except under conditions which will make it impossible for Stalin to turn his military forces against us, should he find it advisable to enter into another compact with Hitler.

OUR LAST END

FOR the last Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, the Church has appointed a selection from the Gospel (Saint Matthew, xxiv, 15-35) which is full of signs and portents. The general tenor of Our Lord's words teaches us that we must be ready at all times to meet Him, but the figurative language in which His message is couched, has led to many misconceptions, not a few of them rankly superstitious, of this stirring Gospel.

Some have thought that it refers exclusively to the destruction of Jerusalem. Others have contended that the whole narrative is intended to describe the events which will precede, more or less immediately, the Second Coming of Jesus Christ, and the last day of the world. The view which is commonly accepted by Catholic students, however, is that up to the verse which ends, "Wherever the body is, there will the eagles be gathered together," Our Lord was speaking of the destruction of the Holy City, and that the verses which follow refer exclusively to the last day of this world when the Son of Man shall return.

That this earth shall one day come to an end, that the sun will go down, never to rise again, or, rising from a bank of sullen clouds, shall never again sink in the west, is indeed a solemn thought. Even more solemn is it to reflect that, in the hour foretold by Our Divine Lord, human life, as we now know it, and the last of the vast activities of men that now stretch over the face of the whole earth in works of tremendous energy, will be utterly wiped out. As the nations mourn, and hearts are stricken with fear, the Son of Man will be seen, coming upon the clouds of Heaven "with great power and majesty." The sound of angelic trumpets will be heard, as God's messengers "gather his elect from the four winds, from end to end of the heavens."

Yes, all the glory of this world is doomed to destruction, and all that men call wealth and power will count for nothing. Our Lord has foretold it, and while Heaven and earth shall pass away, the truth and wisdom of His words shall remain forever. The world that is now bright and beautiful is doomed to fall into ashes, but in that day of dissolution, God will remain, and we, His children, shall remain, to be united with Him in Heaven, or to be parted from Him forever in everlasting punishment.

This passing world should teach us the folly of setting our hearts upon any creature, be it friendship or love, or power or financial gain, or upon aught but God, by Whom and for Whom we were created. This world is not our real home; it is only a place in which by God's decree we remain for the brief time that is given us as an opportunity to praise, revere and serve Him. The hour will come, perhaps much sooner than we think, when the last sands of our life are running out. Happy shall we be, if we have spent those moments that we call life, with our eyes fixed not on this world, but on God, our Creator, our Last End, our Reward exceeding great.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

AFTERTHOUGHT ON CATHOLIC FICTION

KEITH GILBERT

THAT highly entertaining and thought-provoking discussion of Catholic fiction and fictioneering, recently featured in these columns, elicited a number of interesting, as well as practical, ideas on the subject; but the whole discussion was limited to men whose knowledge of the matter is along the more technical, literary lines of what must be done to Catholic fiction to snap it out of its doldrums. Critics and authors alike presented their significant opinions. The only man, or rather the only representative man, who was not heard from is the man who stands to profit most by an improvement in the quality of Catholic fiction—the average reader. Presuming myself to be neither more nor less than the merely average reader, I have made bold to collect a few thoughts on the subject, hoping to add to the discussion another and possibly worthwhile view.

A definition of terms is always a good scholastic beginning, so I state at the outset the average reader's untechnical and unprecise understanding of the term "fiction": a tale about life, either contemporaneous or otherwise, which is drawn in whole or in part from the author's imagination. The emphasis is on the word life, which emphasis, for lack of conciseness in the definition, must supply that note which separates the species fiction from all other species. The following thoughts are based on that understanding of the word fiction.

The previous articles seemed to have arrived at the conclusion that there are two major obstacles to be hurdled before the Great Catholic Novel can be presented to the reading public. First, they say that social conditions are not ripe in the world about us: that our age is too loose, too immoral, to provide or appreciate the matter of a great Catholic novel. And secondly, they suggest that we readers are lacking in the taste qualifications necessary for recognizing and properly evaluating a great Catholic novel.

As regards the matter of social conditions providing or preventing the production of a great Catholic novel, two difficulties suggest themselves, namely, the question of sin in fiction and the question of Catholicism in fiction—presuming in the latter case that the term Catholic novel implies Catholic principles, if not actual Catholics. The simple facts of our age are the basis for the ques-

tion of sin in fiction; the prevalence of non-Catholicism in the contemporary era asks the other. The point at hand is whether either question is so unanswerable as to render impossible the birth of the Great Catholic Novel.

Since the majority of men has always been and will continue to be more sinful than saintly, fiction, limited by its very nature to the treatment of men and life as such, can hardly be expected to produce a different proportion. If men of a particular age sin, the fiction of that age will present them as sinning. To present, in fictional account, the men of a more or less virtuous age as black sinners, would be as much a defection from the fictional ideal, as to present men of a more or less sinful age as virtuous. The obvious implication is that literature is only a reflector of the morals of the times. Not that it cannot, in some way or other, direct them as well, but its direction must be based on that very reflection.

The trouble with modern fiction, however, in its reflection of modern man, is not so much a question of bad morals as of bad morality, for bad morals may and, alas, as history testifies, do co-exist with orthodoxy, while bad morality is a positive denial of orthodoxy. Though bad morals are evil, they can at least be repented for. Bad morality is utterly destructive and can never be atoned for because it feels no need for repentance. It is precisely because morals belong to the individual and morality to the realm of abstract and basic principles, that it is possible for the Catholic novelist to present bad morals in a Catholic novel of good morality.

Really, the question to be faced is not so much one of whether we should find sin in fiction as of how to put it there. Admittedly it is no easy task, this business of finding the right key to the presentation of sin, but it will be solved much more quickly when the author comes to the realization that it is time to stop worrying about whether or not it should be there and begin answering the question of how.

At first glance, the problem of Catholicism in fiction seems to offer even a stronger deterrent to the Catholic novel than the question of sin in fiction. If one uses the standard of universal popularity as even the thinnest guide to greatest, the

fact of Catholic minority would seem to detract greatly from the Catholic novel's chances of meeting that requirement at all. Mature examination, however, gives indications that such is not the case. In a number of other literary fields, the Catholic ideal has been presented to the reading public and has suffered not at all from lack of popularity because of its outspoken Catholicism. Essayists, historians and others are all making their mark on the reading public and the mark is Catholic. It is time for the novelist to overtake his literary brethren and prove that the Catholic novel can be great even in this most unscientific sense of the word.

As to the Catholic reader who has suffered much at the hands of some of the writers in that aforementioned series, I beg for leniency. He is not so entirely responsible for the dearth of good Catholic fiction as they would have you believe. Nor is his position so entirely defenseless as they presented it. He is as much to be pitied as the author on whom he is supposed to work such a hardship.

It was said, and very ably, that the Catholic writer is hampered and harassed by heresy-hunting readers; that readers went out of their way to discover implied and moral faults in their Catholic fiction; that the apologetic idea, product of the Reformation, was making itself felt rather intensely in the literary field. And that may well be. No doubt that feeling of being constantly on the defense is to be found in many readers but I cannot help feeling that it is an exaggeration of the fact to say that a majority of Catholic readers are guilty of this obviously author-cramping attitude. The average reader has been often condemned for not being able to see those things and for giving the proponents of various "isms" of unmoral and un-Christian character, by that very lack of discernment, an opportunity of insinuating and inculcating their doctrines without the reader being conscious of it. Now they are being condemned for possessing too piercing a discernment. It seems to be an out-and-out case of any old stick being good enough with which to beat the poor reader.

If one is looking for the consensus of Catholic opinion on the question of a particular work of fiction, where ought the search logically start? Not among individual readers, certainly, if the examiner hopes to accomplish even a semblance of his purpose. The most natural thing is to go to the Catholic reviewers. If that word, reviewer, were taken in its strictest etymology, then the outcome would be assured for a re-view might possibly represent something of a consensus. But the word has come to mean, and legitimately, rather a preview. By that very fact it must represent the opposite of consensus, for it is only one man's opinion. It is precisely in this individual expert opinion that we find that defensive attitude, that apologetic spirit, that heresy-hunting mania, so decried by Father Gardiner. Mistake it not, we have no intention of whitewashing completely the dear reader, realizing that we readers are partly responsible for the somewhat spiritless condition of modern Catholic fiction, but if we are effectively to cor-

rect our fault we must know wherein we have failed.

In one of the articles of the series, *Achilles' Heel* (August 23), it was suggested that Catholic fiction suffers from too much "sweetness and light"; that Catholic authors in their attempt to be thoroughly moral have failed by being so moral as to be untruthful. It is not their talent that is at fault, for the majority of Catholic authors can pen as literary a line as the best of modern writers, but they simply will not come around to fictionalizing on life as it is. Some authors have caught the fancy of the Catholic reading public but, to parody Charles A. Brady's delightful figure, they are tossing their curves in the bull pen of the novelistic ball park and are not out there in the "old ball game."

The art of Catholic fiction as a whole has never seized the public (Catholic) interest for the very reason, I think, that the Catholic novelist is too concerned with insuring the moral perfection of his characters and their actions and too little concerned with letting the morality of the characters speak for itself. Accuse the reader, if you will, of neglecting Catholic authors, but at the same time you must accuse the authors of failing to live up to the reasonable expectations of the readers.

To avoid being entirely negative, I would like to present three suggestions which, if followed, may raise the standards of modern Catholic fiction and which may possibly open the way to a great Catholic novel.

First and most fundamentally comes the author, for it is he who is to give birth to this much longed-for child. The analogy is particularly apt, for in giving birth to a literary child, as in human maternity, one must let nature take its course. To insure the physical health of her child, a mother may keep herself in good physical condition, but only harm can come from attempting to affect the unborn child's health directly. The author, too, to insure the moral and Catholic health of his literary child should look to his own moral and Catholic health, but only harm can come from trying to force that health on the literary piece itself.

The critics likewise are objects of regulation. Let the critics be a little more lenient in their opinions; that does not in any way suggest laxness. The reviewer is a knight in shining armor, loving literature, yet loving truth and honor more; but sometimes the reflection of that armor shines too brightly on individual instances of seeming immorality, blinding them by that very brightness to the redeeming qualities found in the consideration of the whole. The critics would do well to formulate their judgments in somewhat cooler temper, basing their temperate opinions on whole context and not on isolated texts.

Thirdly and finally, we readers will have to learn more, to read more of Catholic authors. If they make the attempt, we should be willing to cooperate. It will not be merely sacrificial cooperation on the part of the reader, either, for there is a wealth of worthwhile Catholic print that passes into comparative oblivion simply because the Catholic reader plays a hands-off policy.

PIED PIPER

Now Hamelin town
Is far away
But that queer nun
The other day
Just stepped into
The busy street
And children swarmed
About her feet!

They tumbled down
From second floors
And stumbled up
Through cellar doors
And fumbled with
The locks on gates
And mumbled, motioning
To their mates—
And paused, ecstatic,
In their play
To bid her varied
Times of day.
I listened close
To catch her tune
She merely said,
"Good afternoon."

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS

DISCIPLINARIAN

When a little boy cries,
(And the boy isn't mine,)
I have to do something
To make his eyes shine;
I over-ride discipline,
Out-vote the noes—
And forbidden or not
The little boy goes!

But when a boy cries,
(And the little boy's mine,)
I maintain firm discipline,
Frown at each whine;
If the trip is forbidden
I firmly say, "No!"
—And end up, by letting
The little boy go.

JOSEPHINE INGRAM

ELLEN

Like songs remembered in a rune, her words were
ancient
As a tune played on a reed beneath the moon.

She walked the valley ways, but knew the mountain
paths
Where soft winds blew, and fairies danced in shimmer-
ing dew.

Her favorite book a child's own heart whose wisdom
was
A thing apart from grown ways of the hall and mart.

No child was ever sad or lone when Ellen spoke:
Her mellow tone claimed any child her very own . . .

And still her singing words stay on, more lovely than
A dappled fawn that runs beside the doe at dawn.

JEAN ANDERSON

TEKAKWITHA

Shadows deep in the pine-tree country,
Shadows lengthening over the lake,
Shadows keeping a valley sentry,
Lest from the peaks the morning break—

Lest through the windows eastward leaning
The Sun of Justice pour its light,
Transfusing with color's Gothic meaning
This vast cathedral of the night.

Vainly ye ancient shadows tarry,
Your power is shattered near and far:
Lo! above river, mountain, prairie,
The morning star.

SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA, B.V.M.

SONG FOR FALL

When the twig is cracked and the leaf sere,
And silent is the cricket,
The forests mourn the still deer
Lain beneath the thicket.

The pear-bells lose their mellow shapes
When fall is on the crescent,
And foxes wait under the grapes
And find the waiting pleasant.

*Come and sing a song of rain,
For we shall not be here again.*

The winds are up in flame and fire
Wearing out the fecund,
They thin the field and cut the wire
And slay the golden second.

The caterpillar's on the rose,
The aster stems will harden,
And every lovely summer knows
That Death is in the garden.

*Come and sing a song of rain,
For we shall not be here again.*

ARTHUR MACGILLIVRAY

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BOOKS

THIS UNTEACHABLE WORLD

THE CRISIS OF OUR AGE. By Pitirim Sorokin. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$3.50

MOST convenient for the diagnostician is appearance, in the course of his patient's illness, of the symptoms that he has foretold. Professor Sorokin has been diagnosing Western civilization, "on the basis of a vast body of evidence," for more than a decade past, and indicated that wars and depressions would occur. Things turned out pretty much as he said they would, and he can do some instructive checking up.

In this comparatively brief volume (326 pages of text) he gives in compendium form, with many pertinent applications up to date, the analysis of modern society contained in his classic four-volume *Social and Cultural Dynamics*. Again he traces the "fluctuation" of society, of institutions, of culture, from the "ideational" to the "sensate" type and back again to the ideational. He insists upon an immense, world-wide view of the present crisis, refuses to look upon it in the light of individual personalities, refuses, too, to consider America separately from the Old World. "All those who eulogize American culture as superior to European, as well as those who hold European culture superior, are wrong in so far as such contentions presuppose a difference in European and American cultures." They are "one and the same culture," and differences are but accidental.

Heart of the present crisis is transition from "sensate" culture, with its values, to an "ideational" or idealistic culture, with its stress upon ideas and ideals, rather than upon things of the sense. Such a transition is sure to be marked with frightful upheavals, as has occurred in the past, and we are only beginning to taste troubles that are to come. It does not mean, however, destruction or disintegration of the Euro-American culture, though there will be an "increase and sharpening of antagonisms and conflicts." Basic to this transformation Professor Sorokin considers to be restoration of Christian belief, a stable order based upon love and reverence for God, which will, in turn, release fresh creative forces.

Sorokin chronicles, analyzes and prophecies on the premises of his analysis. He neither preaches nor proposes, he asserts. He sees a very wide picture from a rigidly self-imposed limitation of view. It is possible to start from other angles and work out in theory more hopeful or less hopeful lines of development. Some will see considerably more "uniqueness" in the modern crisis than he will admit. But without giving his dicta all the finality which he claims for them, there is enough acutely derived truth in the picture to upset much superficial thinking and to serve as a suggestion for a more strictly Christian interpretation of the disorders of our time.

JOHN LAFARGE

PYRAMIDS, TEMPLES, DESERTS

MIDDLE EAST. By H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$3

THIS book is particularly timely now that the Middle East is becoming an increasingly important element in the war. After we have read it, Mersa Matruh, Bardia, Mosul, Salonica are more than just names; Alexandria, Babylon, and Marathon are more than faint echoes from a long-forgotten course in Ancient History. The sections dealing with Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Galilee make us feel that we, too, have walked for a while in the footsteps of Our Saviour. One of the most beautiful

passages in the book is the description of a peasant kneeling at the tomb of Christ: "I had never seen such happiness before. Never in all my life have I beheld such peace and contentment written so clearly on a human face."

There are descriptions of remains of still more distant days: the Oasis of Siwa, seat of the Oracle of Jupiter Ammon, visited by Alexander the Great in 321 B.C.; the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amun, where there are still standing two statues which have been guarding the mummy of the king more than three thousand years; the horribly sinister room in the heart of the great pyramid where Keops was buried.

One of the highlights of the last third of the book, which deals with Turkey and Greece, is an account of a visit to Tarsus. There the way of life is the same as in the days of St. Paul; the villagers still make their living by weaving tent cloth, and the looms used are the kind St. Paul saw, though the great city of which he was so proud lies buried fifteen or twenty feet under the modern village. One long chapter describes Istanbul and the radical changes brought into Turkish life by Kemal Ataturk. The section on Greece seems to me the best in the book because it has all the best features of the author's fine style.

Mr. Morton possesses to an unusual degree the ability to capture and to recreate for his readers the spirit of the people of whom he writes; he has not only a vast knowledge of history, art and archaeology, but warm human sympathies and the touch of genius which transforms his books from mere travel guides to portraits of living people against the background of their ancestry and environment. Unfortunately, this last happy touch is missing in most of *Middle East*, perhaps because, excepting the chapters on Istanbul and Greece, it is a condensation of three other books: *In the Steps of the Master*, *In the Steps of St. Paul* and *Through Lands of the Bible*.

Some glaring errors and contradictions seem to indicate that the publishers, in their eagerness to take advantage of the immediate importance of the Middle East in world news, rushed the book to press without sufficiently careful preparation. For instance, we find "laying" for "lying," and "flying" for "fleeing"; on page 234 we read: "It is amazing to observe with what placidity the nation [Turkey] has seen the overthrow of tradition . . . and the virtual abolition of religion"; on page 237: "This man [Kemal Ataturk] has not merely rallied his people and given them a focus for self-esteem; he has given them a new spiritual life." It is a pity that such avoidable errors should be allowed to mar such an excellent book.

MARY DUNN

WAR'S DEEPER MEANING

THIS WAR IS THE PASSION. By Caryll Houslander. Sheed and Ward. \$2

"I AM the vine, you are the branches." That is a metaphor. Christ is not really a vine; neither are we His branches. But the connection between the vine and its branches is not a metaphorical connection. And that's what Our Lord was bringing out. To say truly that all humans are members of the Mystical Body of Christ is to say a Mystery. But it is not to say in any sense a metaphor. Taking hold of this truth, a girl in England drives it, impatiently, excitedly, relentlessly, to its practical conclusions.

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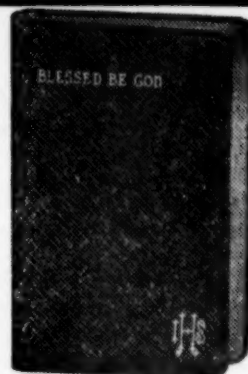
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of this world, all the disease, nerves, depression, boredom, famine, wounds and death of war are the sufferings of the Vine in His branches. He not only suffers with His people, He suffers in them.

There is the explanation, and the only one—the dignity, the worth, the motive of suffering which leads alone into Christ's triumph and joy as night alone can lead into day. And if war is the Passion of Christ, so are the sufferings of peace which have in their quality a lack of excitement, an individual loneliness, a burden of secrecy, a terror of calm which must be dear to the Heart of Our Saviour.

Frances Caryll Houslander, though only a little English girl, writes like some old saint out of hundreds of years ago. Her wisdom is immense. Her style is the style of the young. She tries to say everything all at once. She is like a poet essaying a burning image in every phrase. But she is living in an atmosphere charged with bombings and their ruin. A suspicious American searches for British pleading in this book. He cannot find one comma of it. An English girl has taken into her love all nations—the French, the Poles, the Germans. The book has no hatred and therefore no fear. It is so magnificently patriotic that you will find not one single mention of it among the V-for-Victory socialites, neither in their periodicals nor in their conversation. Who can think of any higher praise than that, in this our day!

A fine foreword by Leonard Feeney makes the book still more splendid. **THOMAS BUTLER FEENEY**

THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA. By John A. Berger. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50

THERE is Hollywood in California, and there is San Francisco, and everywhere fruits and flowers that grow in abundance in what once were arid districts. But to some of us the old Franciscan Missions hold out a greater appeal than anything that has been found in California by the resourceful genius of press-agents. For these Missions, as Mr. Berger remarks, are the remnants of one of the most remarkable undertakings in recorded history; the work "of the marvelous mission system developed by the Jesuits, and adopted by the Franciscans." Mr. Berger is familiar with the classical authorities, Engelhardt, Bolton, Chapman and Bancroft, and he tells his story in a clear and interesting style.

What men zealous for the glory of God built up was at last destroyed by the iniquity of men zealous for self-advancement, but it is surely a misreading of history to describe the work of the Friars as a "futile undertaking." We can look back upon what they did, and learn from their example that it is always glorious to serve God and His children, and sometimes more glorious to fail than to achieve what the world calls success. The volume is beautifully printed, and there are twenty-four illustrations and a map of California's chain of missions.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

TOMORROW WILL COME. By E. M. Almedingen. Little, Brown and Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication) \$3

THE personal experiences of an English-Russian girl who escaped the Soviet paradise in 1922 are chronicled by her in a volume well worth the Atlantic \$5,000 prize awarded it. Her own unexpected sense of "very broken thanks for all those yesterdays, so full of horror, and of splendor also" is just as unexpected to the reader as her explanatory final words, in summation of the one great truth left graven on her consciousness: "neither death . . . nor principalities, nor powers . . . nor things to come . . . shall ever be able to separate us from the love of God." Then only, in what with less reticence of soul might have been a notable spiritual autobiography, does there burst upon us full awareness Whereof was the breath that kept a courageous, buffeted spirit alive in a failing body, through five nightmarish years of beleaguered existence on the Marxian plenitude of crumbs from the bureaucrats' tables.

The story she does tell is concerned with persons, and not personages; with her girlhood before 1917, and then with the misery-laden effects of the Revolution, in St. Petersburg and Moscow, on little people like herself faced with a modern counterpart of the primitive struggle for food and shelter. Though an historian by profession, Miss Almedingen does not aim here to cover the already well known historic events of the Red upheaval.

Her stirring document is the evidence of the human spirit against de-humanized and de-spiritualized government. It is more potent than any political indictment and written with the literary polish of a scholar who has produced in England many works of prose and poetry. Her story bears an encouraging message for millions in these times who can only hope for their tomorrows while they live on faith and the crusts of today.

NATHANIEL HICKS

SALT OF THE EARTH. By Joseph Wittlin. Sheridan House. \$2.50

THIS unusual book, a translation from the Polish, won the Polish Academy Prize and was under consideration for the Nobel Prize. Joseph Wittlin has the unique ability of making detail interesting.

The book is the first of a series of three that is to tell the life of the "Unknown Soldier"—Peter Neviadomski. The story spans the first four weeks of the war in 1914. Peter is a peasant from a small Galician Village; a symbol of millions. He is neither courageous nor cowardly; he answered the call to arms because there was nothing else he could do. Peter's only regret was that the war interfered with his dreams. He had wanted to be signal man instead of porter at the Topory-Czernielitso railroad station. He also thought it would be nice to marry a rich widow.

Though Peter is unbelievably ignorant, his distorted reasoning is a masterpiece of irony. The book is translated into a simple style, but yet it smacks of the same flavor as a foreign film—it reads like "sub-titles."

MARY E. HICKEY

SOME LOSE THEIR WAY. By Eloise Liddon. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

WRITTEN against the background of the pre-Civil-War South, *Some Lose Their Way* is the story of a young English actress, Adrianna More, who comes with her mother to seek fame and fortune in America. Very early in this adventure, Adrianna meets Darrell Taber, a Southerner of much charm, with whom she travels by coach and with whom she falls in love at the end of an exciting journey. Her career on the stage is dazzling in a small way. She becomes the belle of Mobile and the secretly betrothed of Darrell whose family pride prevents the presentation of Adrianna to his family. At this correct moment, Boyd Brandon, scion of a proud aristocratic family, takes a prominent place in the life of Adrianna. Her pride, hurt to the quick at the aspersions cast upon her position and profession, Adrianna flees from Darrell into the arms of Boyd. She goes as his wife to the Brandon plantation where she is too formally welcomed, too properly tolerated by the mistress of the mansion. Leaving, at length, the pillared and chilly dignity of Holly Hill, she builds with her devoted husband a new home, where, as the mother of two daughters, she settles down to wholesome domesticity to find her way back to happiness.

This is a first novel, written in competition for the Thomas Jefferson Southern Award. Though it did not receive the prize, it was awarded honorable mention and a silver medal. It is a very readable story, dramatically exciting, definitely human. The spirit of the old South, with its pride of position and family heritage, permeates its pages. The conflict which Miss Liddon creates is definitely real. Her solution, free of all cynicism and false values of this literary age, is most satisfying. It is refreshing, whatever their previous lapses, to meet with characters whose quest for happiness is directed along the ways of sane morality.

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BLITHE SPIRIT. There is only one way in which a spectator with religious convictions can enjoy *Blithe Spirit*. This is to ignore those religious convictions, and to regard the play as the gambol of a brilliant pagan mind.

Mr. Noel Coward has indulged in this gambol tactfully, from his viewpoint. Though it deals with the reappearance in this world of those who have died, it is concerned only with that reappearance and the earthly experiences which accompany it. Its sole suggestion of the lifted veil is the intimation that the dead Elvira, first wife of our hero, has been hovering about in some misty half-way point between the two worlds, awaiting her chance to return to this one. She gets it through the efforts of a medium who is holding the séance in the home of "Charles." He was Elvira's first husband, but he has married again and is living happily with his second wife, beautifully played by Peggy Wood.

All this is set forth in Mr. Coward's so-called "improbable farce," put on at the Morosco Theatre by John C. Wilson and featuring Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. The description, selected by Mr. Coward himself, certainly classifies his offering; but that does not prevent happy audiences from filling the Morosco Theatre at every performance, and chortling over the improbable situations. Happy audiences are doing exactly the same thing in London. And now for the plot.

Clifton Webb (Charles) is an author. He takes himself seriously and engages Mildred Natwick (Madame Arcati) to conduct a séance in his home that he may see how such an enterprise is carried out. Madame Arcati goes into a trance and Elvira, the dead wife of Charles, appears. She is very effective in a misty gray ensemble which in itself is a high work of art, and she is exquisitely played by Leonora Corbett, a young English actress who has come to us for the first time and is already accepted with great enthusiasm.

I doubt if any other actress could put into this characterization more effectiveness than Miss Corbett is giving it. From the top of her gray hair and gray coil and gray eyes and gray face to the tips of her gray shoes, she seems more a spirit than a living body. She is not an admirable spirit. She is elfish, selfish, mischievous, and finally malignant in her determination to kill Charles and get him into the spirit world.

When she arrives, Charles alone sees her. This scene departs abruptly from farce except in the acting of the medium. Miss Natwick holds throughout the play to the strongly farcical note. All the others, except Miss Corbett, who rightly holds to her elfish mood, fall into moments of seriousness which lie in the text of the offering but which are confusing to the general mind. For we are puzzled by a situation which is not farcical. It is the determination of the dead wife to remain in the home of her living husband until she can lure him away. In her effort to do this by killing him, she kills the second wife. He is thus rid of them both and very glad to be; and the third act dénouement is pure farce.

There is no question that audiences like the play. Mr. Coward has put into it many of his brightest lines and the acting of the entire cast is among the best this season gives us. Indeed, the acting has to be perfect to carry the erratic twists and turns of the play from drama to comedy, from comedy to farce.

To my taste Mildred Natwick overstresses the farce note, but the play must stress that note, or even its splendid company could not hold it together. Mr. Coward has given his players a stupendous task. They are equal to it, however, and they will continue to prove this to us during the remainder of the winter.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

SKYLARK. Samson Raphaelson's play on marriage is also a kind of play on words, superficially bright and essentially barren, but the film version loses effect because the technic of discussing matrimony without saying anything about it is overworked on the screen where it is not so much a device as a natural deficiency. Mark Sandrich has done well in camouflaging an obvious conversation piece as a story, and his best if not his subtlest comedy is drawn from situations which might have served merely as backgrounds for sophisticated dialog. An advertising man who becomes so mechanically expert in pinning superlatives on soaps and cigarettes that he forgets to be civil to his spouse soon finds a rival in a cynical bachelor. The latter's persuasive diagnosis of the evils of married life almost win over the wife to an unconventional romance, but an attack of seasickness is more potent than common sense in returning her to her husband. Claudette Colbert animates the heroine of the story with something like human emotions, but Ray Milland and Brian Aherne are merely flattering symbols of security and romance. Walter Abel is excellent in a comedy role, and Binnie Barnes is suitably brittle in a characterization which all too accurately epitomizes the new attitude toward marriage. A lightly amusing film for adults. (Paramount)

SWAMP WATER. The appropriately forbidding atmosphere of a Georgia swamp is the chief background of this melodrama about a fugitive who reverts to primitive ways in the recesses of the marsh. Jean Renoir's direction has a little too much Continental self-consciousness in it, and his stress on sinister actions and motives limits him to merely theatrical effectiveness. A young man searching for a dog in the swamp falls in with a fugitive from a murder charge who has used the treacherous bog as a refuge. They enter into a trapping agreement which has the ironic effect of causing the real murderers to declare themselves. Poetic justice overtakes the culprits, and a suggestion of romance is worked into the solution of a generally grim yarn. Walter Huston, Dana Andrews, Walter Brennan and Anne Baxter are convincing enough in a picture which will hold the attention of adults. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

YOU BELONG TO ME. The problem of the working wife is raised apparently just for fun in this romantic comedy cut to a familiar pattern. A wealthy young man with little else to do falls in love with a woman doctor at a skiing resort and contrives to become her patient and her husband in quick succession. A conflict sets in immediately between the Hippocratic oath and the marriage vow, and, after a desperate attempt to occupy an honest man's job, the jealous and neglected husband buys a hospital for his wife on the theory that it is a kind of home. Wesley Ruggles' direction is slick and there are enough instances of innuendo to mark this as suburban sophistication. Henry Fonda, Barbara Stanwyck, Edgar Buchanan and Ruth Donnelly are amusing in the cast which is important chiefly to distinguish this adult diversion from other variations on the same theme. (Columbia)

LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING. Two popular comedy features of radio entertainment are combined in this broad farce with results that range from amusing to hilarious. Edgar Bergen and his irrepressible Charlie McCarthy are introduced into the saga of Wistful Vista, as though the domestic entanglements of Fibber McGee and Molly were not complicated enough already. The plot is a mere series of situations but family enthusiasts will find this a negligible complaint against a wholesome comedy. (RKO)

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THE AMERICA PRESS

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MUSIC

THE revival of Giuseppe Verdi's *Macbeth*, by the New Opera Company, after a long obscure rest proved to be an exciting experience for the New York musical public. The opera had been given at Niblo's Gardens, in New York, April 24, 1850. Subsequently it received a few scattered performances around the country and was given in Boston some years ago, but during the past twenty years it has not been in the repertoire of any American opera company. This is a curious fact because the opera contains some of Verdi's finest music and the composer favored it. In a letter of dedication to his father-in-law, Antonio Barezzi, he said: "Here is *Macbeth* which I love above all my operas and therefore think the most worthy to be dedicated to you."

There were eight sopranos in this country who knew the taxing role of Lady Macbeth, and this past summer, when the New Opera Company decided to give the opera, they auditioned for this leading role. A young American soprano from Philadelphia, Florence Kirk, was chosen to sing the seven performances at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. Miss Kirk has been a student at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia and made her operatic debut last season with the Chicago Opera, singing Micaela in *Carmen*.

It has been said that a neglected opera deserves its fate and that a successful revival is due to its interpreter. In this case, Fritz Busch was its interpreter and all the credit that can be summed up must go to him. When Dr. Busch produced *Macbeth* at Glyndebourne, England, in 1938, the critics said it was the best performance of romantic Italian opera that they had ever heard. Fritz Busch is a perfectionist and because of this wonderful quality, he gave New York a *Macbeth* of true beauty and one of the finest musical evenings ever to be heard in America.

Incidentally, Shakespeare's name did not appear on the program and no doubt he would have been proud to have had it there. I wonder if this was unintentional or was it a repetition of the old Hollywood habit of not giving the true author his due. The name of Francesco Piave, who transcribed the original Shakespeare work into a libretto for Verdi, was certainly not forgotten. It appeared strikingly in bold type on the New Opera program.

When Florence Kirk started to learn the role of Lady Macbeth, she read and studied the Shakespeare play eleven times and thereby grounded herself in the subtleties of this sinister woman. Among the five arias written for Lady Macbeth is the Cavatina in the first act, the Brindisi aria in the second act with coloratura passages of great difficulty, and the famous Sleep Walking Scene of the fourth act. Miss Kirk essayed these arias with great talent, both vocally and dramatically. She proved that she had a coloratura technique as well as a dark dramatic quality of voice, a wide range built on an even scale. In short, Florence Kirk fitted the part. Perhaps the finest music in the opera is that of the Sleep Walking Scene with its wonderful overture, and that most interesting piece of music, the fugue that portrays the battle in the last act. This, Dr. Busch took at a terrific tempo.

The *Macbeth* sung by Jess Walters was also outstanding in every way. The New Opera Company gave him his first big opportunity and he became a success overnight. He really made the audience feel the agony which was his in this great dramatic role.

In spots, the staging and dramatic action as directed by Hans Busch were old style. Even at the Metropolitan, where at times the staging is of a very low standard, they have ceased to mass a chorus at the front of the stage. This happened at the New Opera Company on several occasions.

ANNABEL COMFORT

CORRESPONDENCE

PROBLEM FOR POLITICIANS

EDITOR: When we are out of line with eternity, we are out of time, too. If there is religious freedom in Russia, why are they only now going to open a church in Moscow? And what about the Russian equivalent of Squeedunk?

Caldwell, N. J.

REV. W. J. HALLIWELL

JAMAICA TO AMERICA

EDITOR: A few excerpts from *The Daily Gleaner*, the only daily newspaper in Jamaica, B.W.I., will inform you of the estimate made of your Review by an editorial writer in the issue of October 3.

Under the title of *The Press*, your Jamaica critic begins his editorial as follows:

They have a National Newspaper Week in America; we suppose that, during that week, newspapermen from all over the United States meet together and rejoice at the freedom of the Press, and profess their loyalty for free institutions, and probably get drunk.

After contending that the American papers "do not abuse the freedom of the Press," and asserting that they "maintain an astonishingly high standard of excellence and dignity," the writer states:

We admit, for instance, that we do not like the New York *World-Telegram's* policy. But we would not say that that paper belonged to the gutter press; that would be mere folly on our part. Turning to the weekly papers of the United States, we declare at once that we hate the views expressed on international affairs by the Catholic Weekly, *America*. But we could not say that that paper was intellectually contemptible. On the other hand, we love *The Nation* and many another American weekly. And, anyway, we are absolutely with those who maintain that the independence of both the weeklies we have mentioned must be carefully and rigidly respected.

Freedom of libation by newspapermen during National Newspaper Week is a traditional American institution. It must not be curbed. Neither should *The Nation* be suppressed. As for *America*, though many hate it, many love it, and long may it enjoy its independence.

New York, N. Y.

A. P.

STARVING EUROPE

EDITOR: Now that AMERICA has reunited the Quints and their family, how about an all-out campaign for some other neglected children and their parents, millions of them—and all starving. If some hard hitting, leading magazine (and I think AMERICA qualifies nicely) would beat down the cruel opposition to Mr. Hoover's committee's plans for feeding the war victims, it would accomplish more real good than our entire gigantic defense program. It would aid a plan bent on helping mankind, and that in itself would be something novel these days.

The objection is given that Hitler should feed his vanquished foes. But he is not doing so and millions face starvation. Did the Good Samaritan refuse help to the man wounded by robbers because others neglected him? Christ did not even speak of the possibility of the robbers helping their victim. It was useless to waste words on that hypothesis. Yet he did indicate

contempt for the priest and Levite who had "more important" things to do.

Another common objection to this plan of mercy is that such a move would hurt England. If it does in some manner hurt the military strategy of the country now being showered with all possible gifts which American resources and ingenuity can supply—if it does, what of it? Has England so established herself in Divine favor that millions must suffer intensely rather than have her suffer a minor military disadvantage that, considering the greater good for the greater number, is almost infinitely less? Would it hurt England to have the eternal gratitude of the continent's subjugated millions who would surely know America's largesse reached them through England's *cum permissu*? Merely because such an act would be a precedent for English policy does not argue against it. Would it hurt England, if she ever expects to win back the continent from Hitler, to have grateful allies on the continent itself? Starved, despairing victims of war will not be effective allies.

St. Louis, Mo.

ROBERT H. DUFFY

CORRECTION

EDITOR: In my recent review of the book, *Susie Stuart, M.D.*, by Dr. Caroline A. Chandler, I stated, incorrectly, that the author had at one time been given a *research professorship* at Harvard Medical School. I should have said *research fellowship* at the same institution. In the case of such a competent writer I can only hope my slip was prophetic.

Weston, Mass.

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

VOCATIONS AGAIN

EDITOR: I am pleased and amazed to see the continued interest and debate over the question of why not more nuns or vocations. I wrote you to the effect that I took exception to the idea that social work, and young women finding a channel for their activities through it, should be one cause for a decrease in vocations. Social work is an avocation—a profession, and any young woman who feels inspired to give herself to God cannot truly think she is doing so through an avocation.

If she does and this is given as a cause, would it not seem that there is a faulty teaching in regard to what is vocation and what is the best way to fulfill the evangelical counsels? Over and above this, would it not be well to bring to the fore modern communities who embrace the whole social work program and go beyond common connotations? It seems to me a great tragedy that any soul should forego espousal with Christ or be compelled to try to keep such espousal alone in the world and in her work simply because we have not done enough to publicize religious communities doing work for which she is suited.

I have in mind such communities as the Sisters of Social Service and the Grail. It may seem strange to our way of thinking, but it is well to note the great scope for social welfare when you consider that the foundress of the Sisters of Social Service was the first woman to hold a seat in the Hungarian Parliament, and I daresay the first Religious in the world. There she worked for laws to bring about better working conditions in the factories, the old age pension and the like. Her Sisters are trained for movements as well as categorical social work.

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EVENTS

AS mankind marches on, new methods of reaching conclusions are improvised. . . . Of these new methods, one of the most widely used is the national poll. This, by the simple expedient of polling the people, cuts Gordian knots which have lain uncut down through the ages. . . . In the War between the States, for example, there was no way of ascertaining precisely what the morale of the army conscripts was like. Wholesale questioning of the conscripts themselves on such a question was impracticable, and the national poll had not been perfected in that gas-lighted era. As a result, few knew the exact status of the morale. . . . Today, things are different. Because of the national poll, it is possible to learn about the morale of the drafted men without going near the camps. All one has to do is to stage a poll of the people who are not in the army. . . . One of the public-opinion sampling agencies recently did just that. It asked ordinary citizens in all parts of the country, citizens not connected with the army, whether the morale of the drafted men was good, fair or poor. Of those questioned, 39 per cent thought the morale was good, 22 per cent fair, 25 per cent poor, while 14 per cent were undecided. . . . Working along these lines, one could ascertain what the morale of the people at home was like by polling the drafted men. . . . The possibilities of this new instrumentality are well-nigh boundless. . . . The head of a large manufacturing plant, for instance, who wants to discover whether his employees are contented without their knowing what he is about, can poll the workers in somebody else's factory . . . Baffling questions, which the best minds of the past could not handle, can now be settled. . . .

In an effort to unravel some of these mysteries bequeathed to us by the ancients, this column conducted, very quietly, a national poll. . . . The first question selected was one which has agitated philosophers for centuries, to wit: Are essence and existence separate realities. . . . In all parts of the country, our operatives pulled doorbells, stopped automobile and truck drivers, etc., for quizzing. The question put to the housewives, barbers, man-on-the-street was phrased as follows in order to make it simple and understandable: Is there a real distinction between essence and existence? . . . The results are indeed illuminating, showing the citizens grouped as follows. . . . In favor of a real distinction 82 per cent. In favor of a mental distinction 10 per cent. Against any kind of distinction 4 per cent. Undecided 4 per cent. . . . The Midwest furnished heavy support to the mental-distinction attitude, while the Southwest showed strong opposition to any kind of distinction. Most of the real-distinction support came from the East, the South, the Midwest, the Southwest and the Far West. . . .

Our second poll, also conducted quietly, concerned life in the hereafter. . . . The question selected, one which has plagued all generations preceding this one, was put into the following phraseology: Of the human race, are the majority saved or lost? . . . Compilation of the answers is now completed and shows that the nation as a whole decided thus. . . . In favor of having the majority saved 51 per cent. . . . In favor of having the majority lost 24 per cent. Undecided 25 per cent. . . . Curiously, most of the support for having the majority of the human race lost came from bankers, judges, wardens, little-business men, policemen and school teachers. Of the undecided, a great part came from those who are threatened for the first time by the income-tax laws. . . . The vote, though close, indicates that a majority of the human race will be saved, a fact that could not have been known but for the new practice of polling the public.

THE PARADER